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[MATCH-MAKING.]

THE GOLDEN HOPE.

BY MRS. H. LEWIS.

CHAPTER VII.

As letters some hand has invisibly traced,
When held to the flame, will steal out to the night;
So many a feeling that long seemed effaced
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.
Moore.

For some minutes Sir Richard Haughton continued his reclining position in the green, shaded nook by the waterfall, hoping that the brief and lovely vision might return to him, but as it did not he at length arose, his heart continuing to thrill with those sweet and strange sensations which Hellice had so unconsciously evoked.

"Shall we go on to Redwoode?" asked his uncle, in a low tone, approaching him.

"Yes—no—not to-day," replied the young baronet, arousing himself from his abstraction and glancing down at his plain morning dress. "We will make a formal call to-morrow, when Lady Redwoode will be better pleased to see us. So, that young lady is the daughter of the baroness, is she?"

"Yes," declared Mr. Haughton, in a positive tone. "Her name is Avon—Miss Cecile Avon, I believe. Kenneth said Lady Redwoode's daughter was very beautiful, so this young lady must be her. I never dreamed of a being half so lovely. How foolish people are who brood over an early disappointment when such lovely creatures as Miss Avon exist," and he sighed deeply.

Sir Richard's fair face flushed as if the remark touched him nearly, and murmured, in reply:

"True, uncle. Why should anyone permit his life to be wrecked by a single memory? Why should the baseness of one individual cloud a whole existence and make me blind to the purity, goodness, and beauty of another? I have been weak and foolish, but I will be so no longer."

His voice took a determined, resolute tone; his

blue eyes flashed with a sudden determination, and his whole countenance became at once animated and resolved.

Mr. Haughton regarded him for a moment with a keen, suspicious glance, and then he said, drily:

"I see how it is, Richard. This pretty face has taken you captive. You had better wait until you see the other young lady before falling in love. The truth is," he added, hesitatingly, "I admire Miss Avon myself, and I am older than you, and so—"

A mischievous look shot through Sir Richard's eyes and glanced over his features as he said:

"I see, uncle, we are rivals in our admiration for this bright-faced young girl, whom we have seen but once, and who does not know even our names. She would be vastly amused could she overhear our conversation."

"Be it so, then, Richard—we are rivals," said his uncle, without heeding his concluding sentence.

"But let us still be friends. I would rather relinquish at once all my plans of future happiness than that there should be any enmity or coldness between the two last members of our family. Let our rivalry be an amicable one, and let the one who gains the glorious prize still retain the friendship of the other. Shall it be so?"

He proffered his hand, and the baronet accepted it with pretended gravity, although an amused smile flickered about his mouth.

"You have not considered the possibility, uncle, of the young lady's having already formed an attachment," he said, quietly. "But if she has not, and should smile upon one of us we will continue to be friends. Now, as we have conversed about this young stranger sufficiently, let us return home."

Mr. Haughton assented to this proposition at once, muttering something about his inability to encounter those soft, dark eyes again that day, and the couple set out without delay for Sea View. The uncle was silent as they retraced their steps down the hill and proceeded across the fields, and Sir Richard was absorbed in strangely mingled reflections, from the midst of which, however, stood out the lovely, glowing face of Hellice like a clear-cut cameo.

The sweet vision accompanied him home to the solitude of his library, where, book in hand, he sat dreaming for hours—strange, sweet dreams, such as he had not known since his boyhood. For years his future had seemed to him clouded with dark shadows, but now hope irradiated those shadows with floods of rosy light, and he began to think that there might be happiness and love in prospect for him yet.

It was singular, he said to himself once or twice, that his brief glimpse of Hellice should have such an effect upon him that at first sight of her face an electric chord reaching to the innermost depths of his soul should have been touched and not yet ceased to vibrate—but he made no attempt to explain the fact to his own satisfaction. It was enough for him that he had seen her, and that the sight had power to move his heart as it had never been moved before, even by the unfortunate woman who had been for a single hour his honoured wife.

More than once, when plunged into a vague, delicious reverie, the last menacing words of Margaret Sorel forced themselves upon his remembrance, seeming like the sounds of sullen thunder in a sunny, summer's day—a warning of an approaching storm. He dismissed them, however, with a smile at his supposed folly, and returned to his intangible dreams.

The day passed, its flight unheeded by the young baronet. He joined his uncle at dinner, and spent the evening with him in the drawing-room, but neither was in a conversational mood. They separated at an early hour, and Sir Richard retired to his private apartments, to be visited there by dreams of Hellice and of Margaret Sorel, from which he awakened at an early hour unrefreshed.

After breakfast, as the hour was too early for his proposed visit to Redwoode, he took his usual morning stroll about his home estate, going down by the sea, walking up and down the beach, sauntering through the park and gardens, and concluding, as usual, by directing his steps towards the ruined part of his dwelling.

These ruins were, as has been said, exceedingly



picturesque. They were also extensive, considering that they had formed originally a private mansion. Many of the walls were still standing, covered with luxuriant ivy, and in some parts the floors were still in a good state of preservation. The roofs, however, were generally lacking; there were great pitfalls in some of the floors, and occasionally a rift in the wall served as a loophole through which an excellent view was obtainable. A broad and stately staircase was in good preservation and led up to apartments where once beauty and gaiety held sway, and where now the bat and the owl made their homes, with the far-off blue of heaven for their only roof. These upper chambers, with their broken walls, forming in some places merely a sort of balustrade, commanded a magnificent view of the sea, and were a favourite resort of tourists and excursionists, as well as of their hermit-like owner.

As Sir Richard approached this part of the ruins he saw, or fancied he saw, a girlish figure, with gay, fluttering drapery, flitting about the airy upper chamber, and after a moment settle itself upon a low piece of the wall, and turn its face towards the sea. "Some tourist," he thought, pausing in his approach. "These tourists are getting to be a decided nuisance. I shall have to give the gate-keeper orders to admit no more strangers unless they have business with me. Yet this is an early hour for an excursionist. Can it be Margaret Sorel who is here? She left the roadside inn yesterday, but I am sure she is still somewhere in the neighbourhood. If it be her—"

He paused, his brow darkening, and his lips compressing themselves into a strangely stern expression. Apparently, the idea that his visitor was his divorced wife gained upon him; for, after a moment's self-communing, he quickened his steps and hastened with a firm, decisive step towards the stairs.

At their foot he halted again, fancying that he beheld the drapery of a second woman at some distance in the rear of the first—a woman who moved stealthily as if fearful of being overheard.

"Margaret and a companion," he said to himself, mounting the stairs rapidly. "She must go at once—"

He checked himself abruptly both in thought and in step at this juncture, for he had reached the upper floor, and his gaze had fallen upon a thin and slender figure, clothed in a cool, gray robe, and wrapped about carefully with an Indian shawl of vivid scarlet, half covered with gold embroidery.

It scarcely needed a glance at the visitor's face to assure him of her identity with the lovely being whom he had seen on the previous day and who had been constantly in his thoughts since. She was not conscious of his presence, her face being turned seaward, and wearing a look of intense delight and self-forgetfulness. Upon her knee lay a small drawing-portfolio holding a square of white paper, and in her hand was a pencil, at that moment motionless. Her profile was distinctly visible to Sir Richard, and he gazed upon it with the rapture we accord to a master-piece of sculpture, tempered with a warmer emotion.

"Making a picture, herself fairer than any picture," thought the infatuated baronet, his glances almost devouring the loveliness of her broad brow, her rippling hair, her far-looking eyes, the sweet gravity of her countenance, and the conscious grace of her attitude. "I shall not dare to address her."

He made a movement of retreat, but the sound aroused Hellice from her trance of admiration. She started and looked up at him, her eyes dilating with surprise at his unsuspected presence, and her manner indicative almost of alarm.

"Pardon me for my intrusion, Miss Avon," said the baronet, as gently as if he had been speaking to a little child, yet as courteously as if addressing a crowned empress. "I did not dream that you were here. Allow me to introduce myself as Richard Haughton, Lady Redwoode's friend and constant visitor."

"Are you Sir Richard Haughton?" inquired Hellice, gathering up her drawing materials as she spoke.

The baronet replied in the affirmative.

"Aunt Agatha spoke of you at breakfast," said the young girl, "as her friend and neighbour. I did not dream that I was visiting your home," and the brightness of an autumn leaf dyed her clear cheeks. "I asked Mr. Kenneth this morning if there were any spots of interest in the vicinity which were open to visitors, and he mentioned these ruins, saying that they commanded a charming view of the sea, and that they were much frequented by visitors. So, I brought my sketch-book, and should have preserved the remembrance of the scenery on paper but that it was too beautiful for anything but silent enjoyment."

"You like the scenery here then, Miss Avon?"

"Like it," said Hellice, her face kindling with enthusiasm. "Like is too cold a word, Sir Richard. I admired the luxuriant jungles of my native India, with their warm-hued flowers and abundant parasitic vines, where warmth and wealth of colouring prevail, and where even the birds of the forest wear gay, bright plumage; but this quiet English scene, with its brooks, green fields, trim hedges, pleasant gardens, and shining sea, touches my heart. Yes, that expresses my meaning perfectly—the one inflames the imagination, the other touches the heart."

"I am pleased with your tribute to our country, Miss Avon," said Sir Richard, entranced by the music of her clear-toned voice as well as by her words. "After all, it is your country, too, even if you were born in India, and I can assure you that your mother possesses in perfection the highest type of English beauty."

A look of pain obscured momentarily the brilliancy of Hellice's dark eyes, and her voice was low and sad as she responded:

"You are mistaken, Sir Richard. I am not Miss Avon, and Lady Redwoode is not my mother. It is my cousin of whom you are thinking. I am only Lady Redwoode's niece. My name is Hellice Glinwick."

She introduced herself with unconscious hauteur, as if she thought the announcement might cause him to change his courteous bearing towards her. But if she had any such anticipation, she was doomed to disappointment.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Glinwick," said the baronet, with the manner he had before employed. "I took it for granted that you were Lady Redwoode's daughter, for, though your features and complexion are different, you yet bear a close resemblance to her."

"My father was Lady Redwoode's brother," said Hellice. "That will account for the resemblance of which you speak, for in features he was very like my aunt. Of course, the Indian sun darkened his complexion, but it had not power to change the colour of his eyes and hair. I think I must have inherited my mother's features."

Sir Richard was tempted to utter a compliment that would not have been flattery but sincere praise, but he refrained, only from a fear that he should startle his shy, proud visitor into flight.

But the compliment his tongue could not speak found utterance through his eyes. Hellice did not notice his admiring gaze, having turned her glance seaward, but a pair of gloomy eyes, peering through a rift in the wall at a little distance upon the scene, observed the expression, and looked from one to the other with jealous, scowling glances.

Sir Richard had been right in supposing that he had seen two persons among the ruins. In beholding the first he had entirely forgotten the second—but that second was Margaret Sorel.

The actress had quitted the roadside inn on the previous day, as he had seen, but she had proceeded no farther than the nearest town, where she and her brother had taken lodgings, resolved upon remaining for the present in the vicinity of Sea View. Notwithstanding the failure of her stratagem, the divorced wife, with undimmed faith in her personal charms and the memory of his early love for her, was determined not to abandon her pursuit of Sir Richard, and to leave no means untried to ensnare him into a second union with her. Bold and bad, vain and unscrupulous, ascribing his long seclusion to his wounded affections, believing that her power over him was not all lost, anxious to hold away again over his heart and his possessions, her own love quickened by their unsatisfactory interview into a wild, mad passion—it is not to be wondered at that Margaret Sorel clung tenaciously to the idea of resuming her lost position as his wife, and that she cherished hopes of eventual success.

With a view of seeing him again, she had that morning bestowed unusual pains on her attire, and had come to the ruins at Sea View as a tourist, trusting to chance to bring about a second meeting with the baronet.

From the ruined upper chamber she had watched him as he strolled about the sands, and had thought seriously of following him thither when the approach of Hellice Glinwick had diverted her thoughts in another direction.

Concealing herself behind a section of the ruined wall, she watched the unconscious maiden with jealousy gnawing at her heart, and with envy of her transcendent loveliness eating like a canker in her soul. She felt herself coarse and awkward beside this graceful, sunny being; she was conscious of the air of purity that surrounded Hellice; she saw that she was innocent and child-like; and in the bitterness of her heart she heaped inaudible imprecations upon the young girl.

She was in this mood when Sir Richard came up the steps and approached Hellice. No wife ever watched an inconstant husband more closely or more jealously than that wretched, disowned creature watched the baronet whom she had so wronged and upon whom she had not the faintest claims for kindness or consideration.

Unconscious of her espionage, or the deadly thoughts which were uncoiling like serpents in her heart, Sir Richard said:

"I fear, Miss Glinwick, that Lady Redwoode will find me a more frequent visitor than ever, since her home possesses so many added attractions. She must be very happy to have found both a daughter and a niece."

Hellice started slightly and turned towards him a face that was strangely pale after its late wealth of bloom.

"My aunt is very happy," she said, briefly. "Cecile looks like her, and they love each other dearly. I must hasten home or they may miss me. Good morning, Sir Richard!"

She bowed, took up her sketch-book, which she had leaned upon the wall, and glided from him with characteristic grace.

"You must allow me to accompany you from the ruins, as a security against pitfalls," said the baronet, courteously, not venturing to ask her to prolong her stay, yet loth to lose her society.

He passed on in advance, guiding her by safe paths to the staircase, and through the lower ruins.

"I hope you will return to finish your sketch, Miss Glinwick," he said as she walked on in silence. "You will always find the ruins free from visitors in the morning. I trust my presence to-day will not act as a preventive to future visits."

"I do not think I can come again," said the maiden, gently, fearing to offend him, yet too delicate and truthful to allow him to suppose that she should return at some future time. "I can finish my sketch from memory."

Sir Richard did not venture to press his request. Indeed, he respected her too much to wish her to meet him again, but he expressed a hope that Lady Redwoode would accompany her daughter and niece soon on a visit to the ruins, adding that the baroness, with her late husband's nephew, had often called at Sea View.

He accompanied her along the winding paths to the small park gate at which she entered, his every movement followed by the jealous gaze of his divorced wife. It was impossible for Hellice to remain long insensible to his delicately expressed admiration for her, especially as he was so thoroughly sincere and genuine; and Sir Richard was transported with delight to observe at parting how the colour flickered in her cheeks and how the sweet light came and went in her eyes.

At the gate she bowed gravely and again wished him good morning, in a tone that did not permit him to offer to accompany her home. She then proceeded slowly towards Redwoode, without looking back, and Sir Richard watched her for some moments, his face glowing and his eyes shining with a great resolve—that of wooing her for his bride.

"I am glad she is not the heiress," he mused. "How lonely and desolate she looked when she said she was only Hellice Glinwick! Only the sweetest, purest, and loveliest of women! Would that I were a better and nobler man than I might win her love!"

With that determination to win her, if winning her were possible, he returned to the house to prepare himself for his visit to Redwoode, and the unhappy woman crouched amid the ruins arose and went her way, with some suspicion of his hopes ranking in her soul.

CHAPTER VIII.

Oh, how this tyrant doubt torments my breast!
My thoughts like birds, who, frightened from their nest,
Around the place where all was hushed before
Flutter and hardly nestle any more. *Osney.*

DURING the absence of Hellice upon her sketching expedition to Sea View Lady Redwoode was enjoying a confidential interview with Cecile, in the private morning-room of the former. This apartment was one of the pleasantest at Redwoode, where every room had its especial character, and all were more or less grand and stately. In its style of fitting this room was unrivalled. A luxurious, Oriental taste had dictated even the smallest adornment, and as a result it was elegant enough to have been the boudoir of a favourite Sultana, and comfortable enough to satisfy the most fastidious taste.

The walls were hung with fluted silk, azure in colour, and embroidered with glittering crystal drops that reflected the light like diamonds. Wide, easy couches encircled the chamber, and were heaped here and there with soft, silken cushions which were

more elastic than moss, and yielded a faint, delicious odour to the slightest pressure. There were a few pictures of Indian scenes, all gorgeous in colouring, several exquisite statuettes in whitest marble, and several curiously inlaid tables, laden with Indian curiosities, many of them as frail as beautiful. The carpet, a square of sea-green velvet, and even the chimney ornaments were of Eastern manufacture.

The brightest nook in this bright room was a great bay window at the side, its English character disguised by the delicate Indian lattice protecting it. This radiant recess, for it was flooded with the sunshine and warmth of the summer morning, tempered by filtering through curtains of filmy, floating lace, was furnished only with a low and wide divan. Its carpet was concealed by leopard skins, which presented the original claws, and in which bright glass eyes replaced the shifting orbs which had once guided the movements of the animal.

There was also a glazed door opening into a beautiful flower-garden. It was now ajar, and the summer breeze wafted into the room the breaths of a thousand fragrant blossoms, while through the aperture could be seen masses of beautifully tinted flowers, waving lazily to and fro like tiny billows.

Surely, in the midst of such boundless luxury, with the one great desire of her heart apparently gratified, Lady Redwoode was happy.

And yet in her heavenly eyes there lurked an expression of unsatisfied longing; and in the smile that curved her exquisite mouth was a tone of sadness.

It was not that she doubted the justice of her choice between the two girls. It was not that she was disappointed in Cecile. She was happy—happier than she had ever been before, she assured herself, and yet there haunted her an inexplicable sense of incompleteness, a vague feeling of unrest that would not be dissipated.

She had scarcely slept during the previous night, her great joy banishing thoughts of sleep. Once, impelled by a mother's yearning, she had stolen to Cecile's room to look upon her daughter in her slumbers, and her unconsciousness had been momentarily stilled when gazing upon the flushed face and flowing hair of the maiden. Cecile had looked so innocent in her sleep that Lady Redwoode had bent over to kiss her and murmur blessings upon her. At the moment of lavishing her tenderest caresses she had become conscious that her movements were watched, and had looked up only to encounter the jealous gaze of the Hindoo ayah.

That gaze had served to deepen her undefined sensation of discontent. Why, she asked herself, should the East Indian abandon her own grandchild to watch over the daughter of a lady whom she hated? Was it avarice and desire of honours that prompted her extreme devotion to Cecile and caused her apparent neglect of Hellice? She was tempted to put these and other questions to the ayah, but had refrained, confining herself to the expression of a few words of commendation for her faithfulness.

But her heart was less light when she returned to her own rooms. And while she thought tenderly of Cecile, the delicate, haughty face of Hellice again and again presented itself to her mind, and she seemed to see those dusky eyes following her with an expression of keen reproach.

As soon after breakfast as practicable she had drawn Cecile to their interview in the morning-room, leaving the neglected gossip to entertain and amuse herself as she preferred. The couple, so alike, yet so dissimilar, had conversed awhile on Cecile's life-experiences, and Lady Redwoode had questioned her concerning her opportunities for education, her friendships, and the influences that had contributed to mould her character.

"Cecile, darling," she said, after a thoughtful pause, looking lovingly upon the fair blonde face beside her, "you cannot realize how happy I am in finding you so pure, gentle and innocent. I have had many unhappy hours on your account, dreading that you might become deceitful and false under your aunt's training, but my prayers have been answered, and you have been preserved unspotted and uncontaminated by the influences that surrounded you. It is the more to be considered providential and an answer to my prayers, since your cousin is so false-hearted."

"Cecile looked up uneasily, colouring, and said: "Dear mamma, I do not wish to prejudice you against Hellice. She has her good qualities, I suppose, as well as other people. She was greatly attached to her father, and when he died she almost wept herself ill. Hence can tell you of a hundred benefits Hellice has bestowed upon her—as well she might do, considering that Hellice is her own grandmother. I have forgiven Hellice for her former overbearing conduct to me, and wish to forget all her harshness, and love her if she will let me. She prejudiced her own parents against me so that my life was almost a

burden, but I have no wish to set your mind against her. Your heart is large enough, dearest mamma, to afford room for me and my cousin too!"

As she concluded she leaned herself caressingly against Lady Redwoode, and pressed the hand of the baroness to her lips.

"It is not large enough to admit Hellice," said Lady Redwoode, sighing. "I am less generous than you, my sweet daughter. At your age I might have looked upon her differently, but people grow cautious as they grow older. I fear that all those generous springs that so abound in you are dried up in my nature. I look upon your cousin as a practiser of duplicity, and I see in her the mental and moral counterpart of her mother, whose every thought was full of guile. I trust I am not wronging her, Cecile, but she seems to me a moral leper—all the more dangerous because there are no signs of warning in her face. She reminds me of legends I have read of syrens of surpassing beauty luring people to a hideous doom. Beware of her, Cecile, my darling. Do not be intimate with her, although I would have you treat her with the kind civility you have heretofore employed."

"Do you think Hellice very beautiful, mamma?" inquired Cecile, hesitatingly.

"Very beautiful, Cecile—so beautiful that to look at her brings a strange, dim sort of pain to my heart," responded Lady Redwoode, gravely. "She has the radiant loveliness that might belong to a glorified angel, with eyes so clear and seemingly truthful that when I look at her I can scarcely believe in her duplicity. Alas, that she is all seeming!"

Cecile listened to this enthusiastic praise of her cousin's beauty with ill-concealed impatience and chagrin. Her white forehead contracted itself into a heavy frown; but her blue eyes beamed with an angry light, and her lips compressed themselves into a singularly hard expression. For a moment she preserved silence, then she cried, impetuously:

"Do you think Hellice more beautiful than I am, mamma?"

The baroness started in surprise and directed an astonished glance at the petulant, ill-tempered face of her daughter.

"That is a singular question, Cecile," she said, more gravely than before, "but I will answer it as frankly as you have asked it. I see that you know that you are beautiful. I suppose it was impossible for you not to learn the fact."

"Especially after seeing you, dear mamma, whom I am said so closely to resemble," interpolated Cecile, softly, anxious to efface the impression of her vanity and petulance.

Contrary to her expectation, Lady Redwoode betrayed no gratification at the compliment, but continued, seriously:

"Your mirror must have told you long ago, Cecile, that nature has been beautiful in her gifts to you. But you are doubtless also aware that she has been even more liberal to your cousin, and has endowed her with a radiance and brilliancy of loveliness rarely seen. But, to compensate you, she has given you a lovely soul and a truthful nature that far outweigh personal charms!"

"It has always been so!" exclaimed Cecile, petulantly, the angry tears starting to her eyes. "Everybody used to say in India 'how pretty Cecile Glinwick is,' but when they saw Hellice no one could find words enough to praise her. Col. Lorton said once that they might as well praise the morning or evening star as praise her. And now, my own mother—"

Her voice failed her and she broke forth into angry sobs.

For a brief space Lady Redwoode looked sternly upon the weeping girl, whose extreme selfishness and vanity had been wounded by this praise of Hellice, and she was tempted to utter some severe words that would have hurt Cecile more seriously. But the tender mother's heart provided excuses for Cecile. She assured herself that her daughter grieved simply because she feared her mother's love might be drawn towards Hellice. She recalled what Cecile had said on the previous day to the effect that Hellice had always been loved better and preferred before her. In her tender generosity, the baroness even construed Cecile's display of selfishness and folly into proofs of exquisite sensibility and a desire to be loved, and so her voice was as sweet and soothing as a vespers chime as she said:

"Cecile, darling, goodness is better than beauty, and a good heart is better than perfect features. I hope you understand this, my love, and I believe you do. And, Cecile, if you are ever tempted to be dissatisfied with your appearance, remember that you look like me, and that I knew you to be my child chiefly by that resemblance. If you had resembled Hellice, how could I have chosen between you?"

By this time Cecile had gained the mastery over

her emotions, and she now looked up with a face so bright yet so self-deprecating that Lady Redwoode's heart warmed more than ever towards her.

"I was foolish, mamma," she said, with a pretty affectation of penitence. "I'm afraid you will think me vain, but, indeed, I am not. I thought you were going to love Hellice better than me, because you praised her, but I know better now."

Lady Redwoode smiled and kissed the young girl affectionately, thinking to herself what a child-like creature Cecile was, and how transparent her nature was.

"To speak of someone else than Hellice," she said, "tell me how you like Mr. Forsythe, my nephew-in-law?"

"He is handsome, mamma," was the hesitating response, and the girl glanced at the baroness furtively as if to ascertain if her answer were acceptable.

"He will soon seem like a brother to me, I suppose. He is very attentive to me."

"He admires you very much, Cecile," said her ladyship as the girl paused. "He is a very good young man, and seems almost like a son to me. Lord Redwoode was strongly attached to him and wished me to make him my heir. Had it not been for your claims upon me I should have done so. I have a fortune in my own right, and you may think it strange that I should intend the Redwoode property for you also, when Andrew has apparently a nearer claim upon it. I do not know how I can answer this question satisfactorily to another, but I have done so to my own conscience. Before my late husband died he was ill a long time. During that unhappy period I was continually in attendance upon him. We frequently reviewed in conversation the circumstances attending our betrothal and marriage, and he frequently expressed surprise that my brother had not accepted my invitations and sent his twin daughters. I was tempted to confess that one of those children was mine by a previous marriage, but he was very proud, and I dared not. I fancied too that the shock might affect him unpleasantly, for he was very ill. But one day, Cecile, I told him my story, pretending it to be that of a friend. He remembered that I had told him a similar tale soon after our marriage. I think he suspected the truth, although he did not betray the suspicion, except by saying that were that lady his wife he should consider her child as his own and make her his heiress. He died the succeeding day, and I never explained myself farther. But I am convinced he understood me, Cecile."

The girl expressed a similar conviction.

"I shall never so enrich you as to impoverish Andrew," said Lady Redwoode, thoughtfully. "He has expectations from the Forsythes, his father's relatives, and he shall have an income from this estate. Mr. Kenneth, my adviser and agent, in whose faithful guardianship my late husband recommended me to place my property, urges me strongly to make my daughter heiress of Redwoode. He says such a step would be eagerly welcomed by the tenantry, who are not pleased with Andrew. He says that if Lord Redwoode were living he would second his advice. I have yielded to his solicitations and my own wishes, but I feel almost as if I were wronging Andrew. And now, to come to the point at once, Cecile, tell me if you have ever seen any gentleman whom you have esteemed above your late uncle?"

"No, mamma," was the reply, in a very low tone and with downcast eyes.

"You are young to think of love and marriage, my darling," said the baroness, with evident reluctance to pursue the subject, "but at your age I had been a wife and was a mother. It is best for me to say what I wish before you have had an opportunity to become interested in anyone. I have no wish to force your inclinations, my love, but it would please me to see you the wife of Mr. Andrew Forsythe, in due course of time."

"Very well, mamma," returned Cecile, quietly, "your wish shall be my law—if Mr. Forsythe should like me."

The baroness looked at her earnestly, wondering at the total want of enthusiasm, almost of interest, in her tens. She scarcely understood Cecile yet, for when she was the most satisfied of her child-like simplicity an unpleasant doubt never failed to intrude itself upon her mind—a doubt which she scarcely was conscious of entertaining and which yet caused a vague uneasiness at her heart.

The two sat for a brief time in thoughtful abstraction, Lady Redwoode endeavouring to analyze her emotions, and Cecile evidently thinking of some memory evoked by the questions of the baroness. With both countenances in repose, there was little likeness between them. True, both were fair, with blue eyes and hair of pale gold, but there the resemblance ended. Lady Redwoode's face was noble and spirited, half haughty, half stern, ex-

pressive of an exalted character and a generous soul. Cecile's face was simply pretty, and almost, if not quite, insipid. The beautiful features were soulless; the blue eyes cold and heartless; and the mouth indicated a fickle and frivolous disposition. It was singular that she should possess the art of hiding her real character and mantling her features with an expression of qualities and sentiments that did not exist in her nature.

Had Lady Redwoode aroused herself and looked at Cecile then, the sight would not have failed to shock her as well as to give vitality to the vague doubts that at times disturbed her.

Fortunately for Cecile, she did not look up.

The silence between the two was broken at last by the sound of a step in the garden approaching the half-open door. Cecile started and resumed her mask, as the assumption of a pleased and childish expression might justly be called, and the baroness said:

"It is Andrew, my dear. No one but he has the privilege of walking in my private garden. I will call him."

She did so, and her summons was answered by the appearance of Mr. Andrew Forsythe, whose attire indicated his desire of creating a favourable impression upon the heiress.

"All alone, Andrew?" said Lady Redwoode as the young gentleman entered the room. "Where is Hellice?"

"I do not know," was the response. "I saw her sitting off among the trees directly after breakfast with a sketch-book under her arm. Mr. Kenneth says he met her down the avenue, and that she was perfectly enthusiastic in her admiration of the place and scenery. Redwoode has an earnest admirer in her."

"I am glad she is so self-reliant and disposed to make herself at home," declared the baroness. "She was out in the park yesterday, and must be already familiar with the grounds. Cecile has not yet been beyond the gardens. I wish, Andrew, that you would show Miss Aven the waterfall and the other objects of interest in the vicinity of the house."

Mr. Forsythe expressed his delight at this commission. Cecile's hat was sent for, and she donned the coquettish combination of straw and ribbons, chattering like a bird, as Lady Redwoode fondly remarked. Then, with a kiss to the baroness, whom she professed herself reluctant to leave even for an hour, Cecile fluttered out of the open door followed by Mr. Andrew Forsythe, and the murmur of their voices and the sound of their laughter floated back to the room they had quitted.

"A sweet, guileless child!" mused Lady Redwoode. "How happy I shall be with her! She is all or more than I could have hoped for or dreamed of."

And then—such is the inconsistency of human nature—she sighed.

Her thoughts reverted from Cecile to Hellice, and, obeying an impulse she did not understand, she summoned a servant and ordered that when Miss Glintwick should return from her walk she should be requested to come to Lady Redwoode's boudoir. She then sank into a reverie, leaning back upon the cushions of the divan in the recess of the bay window, and gazing with eyes that saw nothing through the Indian lattice into the garden.

Her thoughts were not all bright, and her heart was not quite content. She recalled Cecile's late conduct, and her calmer thoughts suggested the truth with regard to its cause. She was angry at herself for her suspicions, and wrung her hands silently, and then murmured:

"What a fearful legacy Horatio has left me—doubt and anxieties without end! One of those girls is true and good—but which is it? I believe I have chosen rightly, that Cecile is my own child. Her resemblance to me proves the relationship. But, after all, my theories may be wrong, and my child may be deceitful and my brother's daughter may be as truthful and pure as she looks. I have no doubt whatever that Cecile belongs to me—but the conviction does not satisfy me as it should!"

This acknowledgment even to herself cost her a bitter pang, and she bowed her head upon the cushion beside her and wept unrestrainedly.

In the midst of her sorrow she became conscious of a soft arm around her neck and a soft cheek pressed to her own with tender caressing. Not a word was uttered by her comforter, but every species of tenderness and soothing known to loving hearts was employed to win her from her grief. Soft, passionate kisses were imprinted upon her hair, like a shower of snow-flakes, gentle hands stroked her tresses with lingering touch, and she was folded close against a breast whose quick throbs betrayed suppressed emotion.

Her heart swelled within her in gratitude to her child, whom she reproached herself for having misunderstood and not half appreciated.

"Cecile, my angel!" she exclaimed, putting up her arms to enfold her daughter.

"It is not Cecile, Aunt Agatha, it is only Hellice," answered a voice thrilling with sadness, yet as sweet as the minor tones of a flute.

With a look and sigh of disappointment, Lady Redwoode dropped her arms to her side.

Hellice retreated a few steps, comprehending the manner of the baroness perfectly. There was no look of meek sorrow in her lovely face at the reception of her caresses, after she was discovered to be their author.

For a moment her dark eyes glowed angrily, then her expression softened to one of indignant grief, and she said, falteringly:

"I beg your pardon, Aunt Agatha, but I could not help it. The servant told me when I came in that you wished to see me, and so I came in without waiting to be announced. I did not mean to kiss you or even to touch you, for I know how you must regard my father's daughter, but you looked so sorrow-stricken that I forgot myself."

"Make no apologies, Hellice," said the baroness, kindly. "I am not sorrowful, but my tears, I think, proceeded from the reaction of my late exaltation. Sit down and tell me where you have been."

Hellice seated herself beside her ladyship and answered:

"I have been to the ruins at Sea View to make a sketch, Aunt Agatha."

Lady Redwoode looked surprised.

"You have been to Sir Richard Haughton's place," she said.

"Yes, Aunt Agatha. I asked Mr. Kenneth if there were any places of great interest in the neighbourhood, and among others he mentioned those ruins. He did not say that they belonged to Sir Richard Haughton, but he said that people frequently visited them. So I walked over there and felt well repaid by the views I obtained of sea and land. I was so entranced by them that I neglected my drawing."

"I wish you had waited until I could have accompanied you," remarked the baroness. "Did you see Sir Richard?"

Hellice replied in the affirmative and detailed her interview with the young baronet, although not without a rising flush which Lady Redwoode observed.

"I will go with you when you wish to finish your sketch, Hellice," she said, gently. "Cecile, and you, and I, with Andrew and Mr. Kenneth, will visit Sea View some day soon."

"Thank you, Aunt Agatha," returned the young girl, quietly. "I was intending to finish my sketch from memory, but I shall be pleased to have the benefit of another visit to the ruins."

"I must send a note to Sir Richard immediately, informing him of my unlooked-for happiness, and requesting him to call here to-day. He is a noble young man, Hellice, and one of my most cherished friends. But first I want to have a little conversation with you. Tell me, Hellice," and the baroness fixed a keen gaze upon the girl, as though she would read her inmost heart, "why did you kiss me when you came in and found me weeping?"

"Because I felt sorry for you and loved you, Aunt Agatha," answered the girl, without hesitation.

"Why do you love me when you have not seen me except since yesterday?" questioned her ladyship. "You have not known me long enough to love me for any qualities I may possess."

"I know it, Aunt Agatha," and the sweet, dark face looked troubled. "I cannot explain it myself. From the moment that papa on his death-bed told us of his wronged sister I felt sorry for you and longed to help Cecile console you. Of course, I did not dream that you would think me your child, but I thought perhaps you would let the daughter in some measure atone for the wrongs the father had inflicted. I would love you very much, Aunt Agatha, if you would let me."

Lady Redwoode asked herself if her niece were acting or if she were sincere. One glance at those dark, earnest eyes, glowing from their depths like caverns of light, convinced her of Hellice's sincerity. A doubt as to her motive then arose to torment her.

"I do not know what to say to you, Hellice," she said, gravely. "Love, with me, is the growth of time. At your age, when the heart is fresh, and the sympathies warm and strong, it is easy to fix the affections upon a worthy object. But I must have time to know you before I can say that I love you."

"Yet you love Cecile already?" said Hellice, almost in a whisper.

"Because Cecile is my daughter," returned the baroness, quickly. "I have loved her always from her birth, with an unwavering, ever-increasing love. She does not come to me a stranger, but as the child from whom I have been separated and from whom

absence could not steal her mother's affection. Tell me what you think of Cecile, my dear."

"What could I say that would satisfy her mother?" asked Hellice.

"You can talk to me of her, my dear Hellice. I love to hear her name. I should delight in hearing the various little anecdotes which you must remember, and in which she has borne some part. With her sweet and gentle nature she must have performed some generous and noble deeds in her brief life. No matter how simple the circumstances, it will please me to listen to them. I want to know my daughter thoroughly, but she is too modest to relate events that would reflect credit upon her."

Hellice's lip faintly curled with scorn which she could not entirely repress. Lady Redwoode viewed her expression with rising displeasure, beholding in it a confirmation of the harsh allegations made against her niece by Cecile. But the scornful smile flitted as quickly as it had come, and was succeeded by a look of unfeigned regret, for Hellice was too noble and too generous to willingly prejudice Lady Redwoode against her cousin.

"I do not remember any anecdotes at this precise moment which you would like to hear, Aunt Agatha," she said. "You can judge of her character by observation far better than by hearsay. You have seen for yourself that she has power to attract from me the affection of Renee, who is without doubt my grandmother. It has always been so. I think my parents preferred her to me."

"This is strange!" exclaimed the baroness. "Cecile said you were preferred to her."

Hellice smiled drearily, but made no attempt to refute the assertion, saying, simply:

"I have thought lately that their greater kindness to her might have been dictated by remorse at having deprived her of her mother. I have always deemed Cecile my twin sister and have loved her as if she were such. I love her still, Aunt Agatha, and without a particle of envy at her good fortune."

It was impossible to feel a disbelief in Hellice's truthfulness. Lady Redwoode was strangely agitated at her remarks, and exclaimed:

"It is singular that you and Cecile should each think yourself the least loved. Perhaps this was some part of my brother's schemes to induce me to adopt his child as co-heiress with my own. Fortunately for me, he could not change Cecile's features and make her dark like his wife."

Hellice coloured, and seemed about to reply, when she checked herself abruptly, remaining silent. But sympathy with the doubting, distressed mother was expressed in every line of her lovely face, and the baroness was not insensible to it.

"I don't know what to think!" murmured her ladyship, with pale face and anguished eyes. "If in these days inspiration were only vouchsafed to people! Yet, I know I am right—"

"Aunt Agatha," said Hellice, coming forward, and regarding her with tranquil eyes from which all grief had departed, "if my opinion in this matter will be of any value you can have it. I have thought long and earnestly about it, and I am convinced that a wise instinct guided your choice. Cecile looks like you, and I suppose I resemble my own mother—only," and she hesitated a second, "a little more Anglicized. Mamma was half a Hindoo, you know. I have often been told that my hair is different from that of any member of papa's family," and she touched the rippling masses that fell away from her brows with one white hand, "but it resembled hers."

"I am convinced, Hellice, thanks to your generosity, yet I can never be quite satisfied beyond all cavil, unless more light is thrown on the matter," said Lady Redwoode, sadly. "I will not detain you longer, my dear, but you have always a friend in me. Alas!" she added, under her breath, "I dare not be otherwise!"

Hellice comprehended the meaning of the words she did not hear, and took her departure with that haughty grace which distinguished her. When she had gone Lady Redwoode murmured:

"What is this mysterious power that stirs my heart when Hellice speaks? My eyes and reason assure me that Cecile is mine, but my heart cries out for Hellice when she is in my presence. What if she were my daughter? I know she is not—but yet there comes a doubt which agonizes me. My brother's worldly wisdom has prevailed. I must adopt her as Cecile's sister, provided Mr. Kenneth approves of my resolve!"

She touched her bell and requested Mr. Kenneth's immediate presence.

(To be continued.)

THE Empress Eugénie has purchased several acres of land in the commune of St. Pée, at Issasson, for the purpose of establishing there a model farm.



[VICTOIRE ON THE PONT NEUF.]

RALPH.

CHAPTER VI.

"How well you bear your age, Marie. You are a handsome woman still. You've all the family beauty."

"But we share the family virtues about equally, don't we, Pierre?" she said, dryly.

"How it happens that you haven't prospered better I don't know," he continued. "Your face ought to have made your fortune—"

"Pierre?"

He started. There was an angry menace in her tone.

"Well, well, Marie," he said, soothingly, "I didn't mean to vex you."

"Hold your tongue, then. It always vexes me to hear you speak so."

Monsieur obediently held his tongue, until Marie was pleased to break the silence by asking a question.

"Where is she?"

"In a madhouse, or dead—I don't know which of the two."

"And I don't care. Where is he?"

"He was at Baden-Baden three days ago."

"As much himself as ever?"

"Yes, Marie. He looks as well as—as you do."

She smiled satirically.

"I wish him joy of it. Pierre, see there." And with a swift movement she drew off the handsome false hair, and laid it before him. "I am indebted to Parisian art for that," she said.

"Good heavens, Marie, how did it happen?" he cried.

"I have been in a madhouse, too. It was that or prison, and I chose the first."

Monsieur le Grignac glanced around him with a frightened look.

"Marie, Marie—you'll be heard."

"Hold your tongue, coward, and tell me what has become of the child."

"The child! Oh, Marie, Marie!" he whined.

She looked at him contemptuously.

"What is the matter now, you idiot?"

"Matter? You'll blame me, I suppose. I wish you had kept her yourself. She has been trouble enough—trouble enough, and little profit."

"Where is she?"

"I've taken care of her, fed her, and brought her up, as if she'd been my own child—"

"Heaven forbid," interrupted Marie.

"And what return do you think she has made me for it? Now—now, Marie, don't be angry, I couldn't help it."

"Pierre, have you let that child escape you?" cried Marie, starting to her feet, with a menacing, upraised hand.

"I tell you I couldn't help it," he pleaded. "It wasn't my fault. Wasn't it for my interest, as much as yours, to keep her?"

"Your interest, stupid! See there."

She drew from the bosom of her dress a handful of papers.

"What are these?" said Monsieur le Grignac.

"What are they, Pierre? They are worth a fortune to us. They prove that child's claim to the Beauchamp property. It has been going a begging for two years, and I had not these papers to prove her title. Now the advertisements are withdrawn from the newspapers, and there is a girl in England, who, if she lives three years, will have a right to it all—this Rose Beauchamp."

"And the papers—how came you by those?" said Pierre, wondering.

"I was in Miss Beauchamp's confidence. The silly girl thought I was a saint—which you know I am not, Pierre," she said, with an air of charming candour. "And as Miss Beauchamp had no occasion for them, being the heir-apparent herself, you see I appropriated them."

"Marie, Marie, you are a wonderful woman," said Monsieur le Grignac, admiringly.

"And you are a remarkably stupid old dunce. How did the girl get away?"

"It was at the gates of the city that I missed her," said Monsieur le Grignac, returning to his whining tone. "In the confusion of the crowd she escaped me. I did all that man could do. I went straight to the police-station, and accused her of having stolen my gold watch and three hundred francs. I sent descriptions of her everywhere, but I have heard nothing yet."

Marie's straight eyebrows settled heavily over her dark eyes.

"Pierre, she must be found."

"Oh, yes, she must be found," croaked Monsieur le Grignac. "I'll move heaven and earth to find her."

"You'd better confine your efforts to earth. I don't think you have much influence anywhere else," said Marie, coldly. "And now, if you please, you may show me my room."

And she got up wearily, but still bearing herself in her lofty, graceful way, and followed him upstairs.

He led her into a small apartment, dreary and comfortless, a great, high-posted, curtainless bed, a huge mirror, and a single chair being its only furniture.

But monsieur was lavish of apologies.

"It was indeed unworthy of his dear Marie, but what could a poor landlord do?"

Marie listened indifferently. But to one or two things she was not indifferent. She noticed that her dear brother's sharp eyes observed where she placed the little reticule containing the precious papers; likewise that he noted the place where her portmanteau was deposited.

Mademoiselle therefore took pains to keep her sleeping eyes open some time after they would gladly have closed—for the journey from England to Paris was somewhat fatiguing, combined with the sight of familiar places, and the remembrance of old associations. Mademoiselle would gladly have fallen at once into the arms of the sweet restorer, if a sense of duty had not compelled her to watch. So, watching till the great bell of Notre Dame close by tolled out the hour of twelve, and everybody was supposed to be asleep, especially weary travellers, she was by and by much amused, but not surprised, to hear stealthy footsteps on the stairs, which soon came softly into her room.

Mademoiselle's long, thick lashes closed over her bright eyes, and she breathed so softly and steadily that her worthy brother, creeping noiselessly to the bedside, and regarding her attentively, presently turned away, quite satisfied.

The fine dark lashes were raised instantly, and her bright eyes watched him as he stole around the room—saw him at the portmanteau, and dilated as he pocketed the precious papers. If monsieur had been endowed with posterior eyes he would have been aghast at sight of the expression in mademoiselle's face. But he had not that gift, and when he had finished his work, and stolen another glance at the impassive, sleeping face on the bed, he went cautiously out.

Instantly mademoiselle sprang lightly to the floor, and followed him out. She was incredibly soft and quick in her movements, and monsieur, pattering over the marble floor in his slippers, heard nothing. He went to the office below, and, unlocking a quaint old desk that stood there, put in the papers, and again fastened it securely.

Mademoiselle, hiding in the shadow behind the door, watched him with angry, sparkling eyes—saw him at last go out, and heard the door shut upon him as he entered his own bedroom. Then she went to the desk—she knew it well—and

quickly found a concealed spring, repossessed herself of the packet, and fled swiftly to her own room.

"The treacherous old man," she said, between her chattering teeth, as she tried to warm her icy fingers over the decaying fire. "The old idiot, to imagine he could outwit Marie with his clumsy knavery."

She went to sleep now, and slept long and heavily.

The sun was high when she awoke, and the hands upon the clock of Notre Dame, towering before her window, pointed to the hour of ten. She started up, angry and half frightened. What had she been about to sleep while Pierre was awake? She made a very hasty toilet, and then ran downstairs; the great hall was empty, so too was the room where they sat the previous evening, and when she looked for the quaint little desk she found that it was missing.

A little startled, but smiling to herself, mademoiselle ran upstairs again and examined the apartments.

They were empty, and many of them dismantled. She went on until she came to the next floor. Here a draught of fresh air came from beneath a door. Mademoiselle rapped quickly.

"Who is it?" said a gruff, husky voice.

A queer expression flashed over Marie's face.

"It is I. Open to me," she said, in Monsieur le Grignac's tones.

The door opened immediately, and Marie stepped confidently in.

But the next instant even her wonderful self-possession had deserted her, and she drew back growing white to her temples.

The room was small, close, and in disarray; the aroma of some red wine, grown flat and stale, floated out; a broad band of sunshine came in where the upper half of the shutter was open, and lay full upon the face turned towards her in indolent surprise.

But the next instant the surprise deepened into wonder, and the man sat up, drawing his hand over his eyes, as if to assure himself it was not a dream.

"Oh, heavens! Is it you, Marie?" he said, slowly. Her face was pale, and there was an unsteadiness about her lips that betrayed the strong emotion she was trying to hide.

She did not speak at once.

Whatever tenderness her heart had ever known, whatever unselfish affection she had ever felt, whatever gentle thoughts, pure hopes, or innocent, womanly dreams she had known in her life—and she had once been young, and if not then good and pure, she was at least not so low as now—this man had called into being.

It was long ago, but Marie's thoughts bridged the chasms between the then and now in an instant. He had tried to win her, and she had let herself be won, all the while knowing him to be treacherous, and perhaps not loving him the less; doing homage to his unscrupulous daring, her perverted instincts not once crying out against him. She had not shrunk from any crime he had bidden her do—and then he had cast her off.

For these ten years past she had told herself that she hated him.

She had done her best to thwart the one aim of his life; and yet now, brought face to face with him, her heart grew tender, her eyes filled with a soft light, and her voice was gentle as she said:

"Yes, Vincent, it is I."

"You!" He looked at her fixedly. "Yes, it is you, no doubt. I should have known you in Hades."

"I did not expect we should see each other again, until we met there," she said, quietly.

He laughed bitterly.

"You've not lost any of your wit, Marie—not much of your beauty," he said, with a patronizing, insolent air.

Her face grew stern as he spoke.

"I wish I could reciprocate the compliment, Vincent."

He raised his eyebrows.

"Why, I am a handsome fellow yet, am I not? A little haggard and blasé to-day, but that is owing to last night."

"You came to Paris in haste?" she said, interrogatively.

"I had business with that worthy brother of yours."

"My worthy brother has escaped."

His face darkened.

"So much the better for him—the old rascal."

"Nay; don't scowl in that way," said Marie, jeeringly. "It spoils your face. By the by, why don't you take yourself and your attractions across the water, and pay your court to the Beauchamp heiress?"

His eyes gleamed suddenly under his heavy brows, but he gave no other sign of interest.

"Who is the Beauchamp heiress?" he said, in a surly tone.

"Don't you know?"

"Not I. I know who should have been."

"Ah!" said Marie, in a sympathetic tone. "I pity your loss."

"Don't give yourself the trouble. It was all the fault of Monsieur le Grignac."

"I daresay," said Marie, calmly. "Pierre has done a great deal of mischief in his day."

"Well, about the Beauchamp heiress?" said Vincent, suggestively.

"What about her?" said Marie, innocently.

"Whatever you please," returned Vincent, curbing his impatience.

"Ah, well, then, she is eighteen, beautiful, unwooded. She has a fine estate in her own right, besides, having a claim upon I don't know how many thousands bequeathed by the Beauchamps. Indeed, Vincent, I don't think you can do better than to marry Rose Beauchamp—if you can."

"Thank you; I'll think of it."

He was thinking of it.

"To be sure, Mr. St. John Willoughby guards her like a dragon; but, perhaps, you can contrive to put him aside."

"Perhaps I can," said Captain Vincent, smilingly.

"But, Marie, in our interest in our old friend you have forgotten to tell me how the world has wagged with you."

Marie shook her head.

"It has used me ill, as it always does its benefactors. I have at this present time not five francs in the world. See." And she drew out her purse and poured the contents into her soft white palm.

He leaned forward smilingly.

"It is very pretty. You always had pretty hands. Be thankful for that, Marie, and don't covet filthy lucre."

She flushed rather angrily. If she had meant to beg of him, her pretty arts had failed.

He smiled, knowing this, but being on the whole rather pleased.

"And you?" she said, presently. "What are you doing?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and got up lazily.

"Don't be too inquisitive, Marie. I'm obliged to you for your friendly interest, it's certainly very kind of you after what has passed, but the less that is said of my doings the better. I'm afraid they won't bear inspection. And now, my dear, loth as I am to leave your charming society, I must bid you good morning. Since your amiable brother is not here, I may as well go back to Baden-Baden. *Adieu*."

And he kissed her hand.

She caught it away, as if the kiss had been a sting.

"*Adieu*, Vincent, and may you prosper as you deserve," she said, scornfully.

He tossed back a saucy, careless laugh over his shoulder, and so strode downstairs.

Marie stood where he had left her for full five minutes, glowing all over with silent indignation. In a moment she broke forth, in angry soliloquy:

"Selfish from first to last, Earle Vincent. Your own hands will dig your grave yet, I could swear it. But I've sent him on a fool's errand," she laughed.

"Rose Beauchamp should be on the seas before now, and our woe-wor will have his voyage for nothing. That was a pleasant piece of mischief. But mischief, though ever so pleasant, is not just now profitable. Five francs won't buy a great many dinners and suppers. What shall I do?"

Mademoiselle began seriously considering her financial position, bringing to her help as much shrewdness and ability as would have sufficed a respectable financier.

Captain Earle Vincent, or Vincent Wallace, as he now chose to be called, went hastily downstairs. The meeting with Marie had awakened a great many curious feelings. Some sensations that had long been dormant started into new life. The sight of Marie had carried him back a long way into the past. He remembered how she had abetted him in his schemes—what a powerful ally she had been, when, half to pique his step-brother, and rival Mr. St. John, and half to win a fortune for himself, he had wooed Christine. He knew very well that he was acting very shabbily in not sharing with his faithful accomplice some of the shining *louis d'ors* that distended his wallet. But the knowledge brought him no shame. He had quarrelled with Monsieur le Grignac, and might not be so rich again soon. It must be confessed that Captain Wallace's funds were in a rather precarious condition, for gaming, though a very speedy method of getting money, was not always sure and reliable.

"If the child had not died!" he said to himself, with an oath. But a great many times over he had cursed the horses that ran over her, the nurse whose

carelessness had allowed them to do so, and Monsieur le Grignac, who, with hypocritical condolence, had come to him with the story on his return from his trip to England. But that had been of no avail, and he was forced to see the coveted Beauchamp property pass away into strange hands.

"Why not woo the Beauchamp heiress?" Marie had said, mockingly. Why not? It would be a splendid revenge upon them all if he could—upon Marie who had taken such a vivid pleasure in taunting him; upon Mr. St. John, who perhaps might put in a claim of his own. The more the captain considered this plan the more attractive and feasible it grew. He was still handsome, and might pass for young, and in his own resources he had boundless confidence. At any rate, he had nothing to lose but much to gain by the move. The result of the captain's cogitations was seen by his starting for Calais by rail that very night.

CHAPTER VII.

"To Paris! to Paris!" repeated Victoire as she passed slowly out of Monsieur le Grignac's presence. Monsieur is too good. His kindness is suspicious, though I dare not trust even now."

She went quietly out of Monsieur le Grignac's mansion by a back door, and followed a path that led down through grounds thickly set with trees, that threw the shelter of their dense foliage about her, and concealed the course that she took. Once out of the garden she tripped lightly along the edge of the little stream that winds through the valley. Past the baths and the summer hotels—past the quaint, vine-covered stone dwellings that clung to the hillsides, brown and hoary, and looking as if they had grown where they stood—past gardens where a thousand sweet flowers lived their beautiful lives, and died in fragrance—through green fields lying sunny and peaceful beneath the golden sun, and so on and on, till the town was left far behind, and the winds blew fresh and cool from the far-off hills that shut in the valley.

At first she met little knots of people, idlers visiting the baths, who turned to look after her, and marvelled at her sweet, childish beauty; but by and by, striking into the lonely road that wound white and glistening along the hillside, at last she came to an abrupt turn, pushed her way through a thicket at the roadside, and then running hastily down a green slope came into a little wild, cool glen, hidden from sight by the great trees that stretched their long, lofty arms over it, and not known or suspected by the traveller along the dusty highway.

And here a queer little cottage peeped out from under the vines that clasped, wound over and about it, and half smothered it in their strong arms.

From its door the hill ran steeply down to a silvery brook. By the brookside an old woman knelt upon the stones; a pile of white linen just cleansed lay upon the grass beside her, and as she worked she sang an old German love song to herself.

"Mother Julie!" cried Victoire, in a voice that rang out sweet and clear in the stillness.

"Well, mademoiselle?"

"How is our patient to-day?"

"Better and better, and will soon be well," cried the old woman, cheerily.

Victoire returned some gay answer, and then, after a moment's hesitation, stepped inside the cottage door. The room was dark, for it was lighted only by a single window, and around it was the soft gloom of the dell. But when Victoire entered it was as if a golden sunbeam had stolen silently in.

The young man sitting in the great wooden chair by the bedside rose quickly to his feet with a sensation of vivid pleasure. He thought this was the loveliest picture he had ever seen—this girl all life and rosy—beautiful, with a bright, auroral light in her fair face standing out against the background of the gloomy cottage walls.

"And how is monsieur to-day?" said Victoire, advancing a step.

"A great deal better, thanks to your kindness, mademoiselle, and Mother Julie's."

"Oh, Mother Julie is a famous nurse. It is not I at all," cried Victoire, innocently. "But what are you doing, monsieur?" she asked, glancing about at the piles of miscellaneous articles upon the table and chairs.

Mr. Ralph Willoughby reddened, but answered frankly:

"I am arranging my effects preparatory to going away. I shall be able to travel in a day or two."

"Ah, yes," said Victoire, softly, a pensive shadow crossing her face. Had he meant to go without bidding her adieu?

"I have been too much troubled by mademoiselle," said Ralph, gently, "and I fear I have brought you into trouble with Monsieur le Grignac."

Victoire's sweet face grew proud. "It is true that monsieur is a brute, and yet I do not fear him. Besides, he is so stupid. I had only to tell him the truth."

Ralph looked at the young girl with compassion. Her innocence, loveliness, and her forlorn condition touched him deeply. Yet half her desolation and misery was unknown to him. Victoire could not have put it into words. It would have cost her too much pain.

"It is a hard life you have led, poor little girl," he said, gently. "Tell me all about it."

It was a long story. She sat in one corner of the old sofa as she talked, her hands clasped together, and her eyes dreamily following the motions of the swaying green leaves outside the window. As she said the last words, in a sad, melancholy voice, her young face grew so unutterably grave that Ralph's heart overflowed. He put his arm around her, saying, tenderly:

"Patient little Victoire. You shall go away from Monsieur le Grignac. I will take you to my friends, and they will be good to you, poor child."

His handsome face was close to hers, the silken beard touched her cheek, the blues of being loved thrilled her heart—it was so new to her—and Victoire nestled yet closer in his arms, and did not refuse the kiss he sought to give her.

Ralph was startled by these new sensations. He did not quite understand himself—he was hardly capable of analyzing his feelings. He was, he felt sure, very much in love with Rose Beauchamp, but he had not seen her for a year, and this little creature was close by him—her beauty dazzling and bewildering him, and her helplessness appealing to his sympathy. If Victoire had been an artful woman she would have known how to develop his incipient liking into something stronger and tenderer, and perhaps to efface Miss Beauchamp's image from his heart.

But she was only a girl, who, in her childish naïveté and innocence, saw only in the young Englishman a chivalric knight, whose power would open to her all that was new and beautiful in life. She sat there very happy, listening to his plans with shining eyes.

He was going to study medicine; he should be rich, learned, and famous, and Victoire, looking into his spirited face, thought nothing would be impossible to him.

By and by, in the midst of much laughing nonsense, Victoire began to help him in packing, admiring the strange things with foreign names, peeping into the writing-desk, and marvelling at its exquisite appointments.

"Just give me that pile of rubbish, and I'll make a bonfire of it," said Ralph.

Victoire gathered up a handful of waste papers, and as she did so a little miniature case slipped from between them and fell to the floor. Victoire picked it up, opened it, and uttered an exclamation of delight and surprise at sight of the bright, beautiful face whose clear eyes met hers.

Ralph looked up startled.

"Oh, I forgot that was there," he said, in heedless haste.

Victoire's bright eyes watched his face with a look of wonder and pain. He coloured.

"Who is it?" she said, slowly.

"It is a ward of my brother's," he stammered. "Rose Beauchamp is her name. I—I haven't seen her for some time."

"Ralph did not say that three years ago, meeting her at the sea-side, he fell in love with her, in schoolboy fashion, and since then had sworn to himself countless times that he would win her; but the thought of it all, flashing through his mind, deepened the glew in his face and added to his embarrassment."

Victoire laid down the picture without a word. But the sunshine was gone from the interview. To be sure, the facts were few. Hitherto she had not reflected seriously. But her quick woman's instincts were aroused. Her life had been one singular isolation; she was incredibly ignorant of the social relations of life. But her womanly delicacy took quick alarm.

Here was Ralph, who just now held her in his arms, whose kisses yet trembled on her lips, hiding another girl's face in his desk, and colouring deeply at the discovery.

She got up presently, with a quiet gravity unlike her former childish manner.

"I must go now," she said, soberly.

"But you will come back to-night?" said Ralph. "You are to leave old Monsieur le Grignac, you know."

"Yes, I am to leave him," she said, quietly. "Good-bye."

She slipped away from his embrace out into the stillness of the green dell.

Old Julie had finished her washing, and was trudging up the hill. With a sudden impulse the girl ran towards her, and, throwing her arms around her, kissed the wrinkled cheek. The old woman had been kind to her—had given her cakes and new milk when she came to see her, and comforted her under Monsieur le Grignac's tyranny.

Victoire suppressed a little sob as she turned to catch a last glimpse of Julie disappearing under the vine-covered deer.

In a moment more she was all alone in the green wood. Where should she go now? she asked herself, standing still to think.

Not with Ralph, she thought, her cheek flushing intensely.

Back to Monsieur le Grignac to follow him to Paris, to be subjected to some new debasement, to live over and over again the old life which every day grew more and more intolerable?

A thousand times no. She wrung her hands and sobbed bitterly. A more forlorn, utterly desolate creature was not living on the wide earth than this girl. The sense of her loneliness and helplessness grew upon her, till it silenced her sobs. It was something too terrible to weep about, and her tears stopped flowing, and her face grew calm and pale.

She quitted the wood presently, and walked quickly from the village, seeking the open country, not with any distinct aim, but only with a wild longing to get away somewhere.

It was past the afternoon now, and the long shadows were beginning to fill the valleys under the shade of the overhanging trees, the little river ran dark and cool, singing its solemn, peaceful song. She met knots of idlers returning from their afternoon strolls, who gazed at her with admiring curiosity.

To be rid of these she turned into more secluded byways, and followed unfrequented roads, that led up and down the hills, and so at last she wandered away into the wide world—the wide, beautiful, unknown world, where thousands of men and women live happy lives, and where perhaps there might be happiness waiting for her. Those roads ran through green lands, where the rank grass grew as high as Victoire's head, which was not so very high after all, and among rich pasture lands where sleek white kias paused while nibbling the grass to greet her with a long, grave look, and friendly, musical low; past quaint cottages where stout peasant women twirled the distaff and children played before the door; by russet-hued mills where noisy wheels went round and round, and the water-fairies ground corn, winnowed grain, and did other kindly services.

Victoire's spirits rose as she walked. All around her was a sweet confusion of sound; the river rippled, the birds sang, the bees hummed; the soft wind stirred a musical murmur in the branches of the trees, the cattle lowed, and far up the mountain side the shepherd's horn called home his flock.

A soft light was in Victoire's face, the words of a hymn parted her lips, hope began to grow strong in her fresh young heart. But now a carriage, which she did not notice earlier, for the daylight had passed away, and twilight came on apace, suddenly drew up at her side, and a man hobbled down the steps and seized her by the shoulder.

She turned around to gaze with horror-stricken eyes into Monsieur le Grignac's livid yellow face.

"You were going to run away from the old man, were you?" he said, shaking her as he spoke. "You ingrate! Get in there will you, quick. Drive on, Wilhelm, or we shall be late at the station."

She was pushed in, and thrust down in a corner of the carriage, so stunned, so hopeless, that she thought not of making any resistance.

"So I've caught you again. I've caught you!" said monsieur, between a chuckle and a growl. "I've got you," he repeated, his long teeth chattering, and his loose under lip quivering. "Didn't you think you could get away from me, didn't you, now?" he said, leaning forward, and shaking his fist in her face.

This performance seemed to give him a great deal of pleasure, for he repeated it at intervals all the way to the station. Still stupefied and unresisting, Victoire was taken out at the station and transferred to a railway carriage. A day's journey by rail followed, and Victoire began to be herself again. But monsieur's vigilance was unrelaxing. He sat on the seat opposite her, and spent most of his time reading newspapers; but he occasionally varied this by leaning forward and surreptitiously shaking his fist in her face and muttering, in a suppressed undertone:

"Thought you were going to get away from the old man, didn't you now?"

They reached Paris at last, just before day. All night Victoire had been revolving plans for her escape. Now surely was her time; when could she hope to elude monsieur's vigilance so easily as in that great city?

At the gate the vehicle was stopped by the officer in charge.

"Arrêtez-vous, monsieur. The papers, if you please."

The carriage passed inside and stopped.

Monsieur le Grignac felt in his pockets, and began to swear. A paper was missing, and he searched his pockets in vain. It ended by the whole party alighting in order that the vehicle might be thoroughly searched.

With a muttered malediction, monsieur leaned forward and began searching with his hands among the straw which covered the floor.

The officer held the lantern aloft; the driver attended to his horses, and everybody else was curiously watching monsieur's movements. Victoire saw that the time was come, and without an instant's delay turned and fled noiselessly and swiftly around the corner of a lofty row of buildings, still faster, gathering speed as she went, and not stopping till she was several yards distant.

Once a policeman commanded her to stop, but with a bounding heart she fled on, and he, seeing it was only a young girl, did not follow. Once or twice she ran into some sheltered courtyards at the approach of wheels, seeing in every vehicle the one containing the dreaded Monsieur le Grignac, seeming to hear in every shout the hateful tones of his voice. At last, wearied and faint, she sat down to rest upon the steps of a shabby-looking building in an obscure street.

She must have wandered a great way, she thought, for it was now growing light, the street lamps were put out; the street sounds, which had never ceased all night, increased in volume and in tone. Day was coming fast.

Victoire was quite worn out; she had not slept for many nights, and now, as she sat in the sheltered doorway, her head drooped, and she went off into a doze, from which she was presently startled by a rough but not unkind voice, which said:

"What are you doing here? If you want to sleep, there are lodgings to be had inside for a single sou, which is little enough."

Victoire started up, rubbing her eyes.

"I didn't know it," she stammered. "I was so sleepy."

"You are only a child," she said. "What are you here for?"

"I came from the country, and I hope to get work," said Victoire.

"You'd better have stayed at home then. But get in if you are going. You look as if you needed sleep."

Victoire did as she was bid, and her conductor, calling a servant, bade her show her a bed.

It was a poor, straw couch, but Victoire gladly threw herself down upon it, and quickly fell into a deep sleep.

The day was far advanced when she awoke with a glad consciousness that she was as yet undiscovered. It was mid-day now, and the din of the streets was at its height.

She crept softly down from her room—it was up many flights, and was only reached by traversing long, dark corridors, stopping on the last landing to listen to the clamour of voices below.

She went down presently, and paused a moment opposite the door of the *salon*. A group of rude-looking men were there, quarrelling over their wine. She went out quickly, having paid for her lodging in advance, and sought a quiet *café*, where she gazed over the contents of her purse, and tried to lay some plan for the future.

The few napoleons that she turned out upon her palm and counted with such a wise air would soon be spent.

It was work that she wanted, and that immediately.

Her profession would give her an income at once, but that was not to be thought of. It was in the theatres and concert rooms that monsieur would be sure to seek for her first, longest and most perseveringly.

Victoire remembered with a thrill of gladness her proficiency in the use of the needle; thanks to Monsieur le Grignac's stinginess, she thought, she had been compelled to keep her costumes in order, and to do this she had learnt to sew. Now this accomplishment must stand between her and starvation.

Then began the search for work, the terrible alternations of hope and despair, the heart sickness, the unspeakable pangs of disappointment, repeated until soul and body are crushed, and life grows to be a terror and a burden; it was the old drama presented even every day in every large city the world over—a woman against the world.

Sometimes she would get a few days' work at starvation prices. Again her occupation brought her in contact with those from whom she recoiled with loathing, and then, in eager haste, she would throw

up the engagement and go forth again upon her fruitless quest.

And so in the struggle her health sank, her spirits fell at last, and she began to hope for nothing so much as death.

She was so changed now that she scarcely feared meeting monsieur.

Surely he would never know that this pale, worn face, with the pinched, sunken temples, and the great weird eyes, was the girl whose rose and lily freshness had delighted the *habitués* of the little theatre of Baden-Baden.

Her clothing she had sold long ago, and dressed herself in that which was cheaper; this was tattered and soiled too, for she had no money to pay for washing.

She had only a few sous left, and she pinched herself for food, and went about gaunt and wan.

And now hunger and hardship began to tell fearfully upon her nerves; she would hardly have fled now even from the terrible Monsieur le Grignac.

Her mind was thronged with strange, fantastic visions, incoherent dreams vexed her; asleep and awake she would weep all day in self-pity. All day she wandered about aimlessly, now only seeking and waiting for the friendly death that was so slow in coming.

In this weak, pitiful state some nameless impulse led her oftener to the vicinity of the Rue Montmartre. For hours she would pace up and down the street before the walls of the stately old pile that had once been her home.

Vague reminiscences were floating about in her mind, vague, but sweet and soothing—memories of the child who lay in her crib, and repeated the simple prayer in her pretty, childish speech; tender glimpses of the sweet, sad woman with the Madonna face that came to visit her; gentle hands stroked her hair, and soft kisses fell upon her lips. In those days she forgot her hunger and loneliness, and all her woe and want.

One day, just at sunset, she came to the Pont de Neuil. It was a gala day and the boulevards had been thronged with happy, gaily dressed people—scarcely a girl was so poor as not to don a fresh ribbon—rarely a child that had not its handful of bonbons.

Now, as the daylight faded away, and the lights flashed out like stars into the dim night, the city wore a still more festive appearance; the throng of carriages increased, and the press of foot-passengers grew greater and greater. Everybody was hilarious—everybody except poor Victoire: she had no part in all the gaiety, she was as remote in thought and feeling from the laughing groups who jostled her in passing as if she were millions of miles away.

So hour after hour she stood leaning against the massive stone balustrade, and looking down over the coping upon the waters of the Seine, which rolled dark and sullen below. Now and then someone passed to look at the white, woeful face that gleamed so weirdly under the light of the gas, and then passed on, forgetting her in a single moment.

Victoire's gaze went backwards and forwards from the turgid river to the luminous streets and the smiling crowd—careless at first, but soon growing fixed and awful—the delicate, tremulous lips closing more closely, the mouth, once so sweet, growing into the pallor and sternness of death.

A little way below was the Morgue. Once or twice, in passing, Victoire had caught glimpses through the open doors of something dripping wet stretched motionless upon a table; and once—she had thought of it often since with a shudder, and now a poor, wan smile stirred her face—crossing the bridge at early dawn, she had seen men in blouses looking steadily into the water, and trying to fetch up something with their long barbed poles, and watching for something so brought up. Victoire had seen a girl lying upon the bank, the mud clinging to her fair hair and white skin—a girl fashioned as slenderly, young and as fair as herself.

So they would find her, so she would lie, wet and cold, unrecognized, forgotten, not missed by the world that had no place for her in it, the rich, busy, happy world that with its countless wealth and love had neither love nor help for her—woe and want would be done with for ever, lonely and suffering no more.

And so a soft, auroral glow lit up the white face, and, as innocently as a child creeps to his father's arms, she glided around the corner where the balustrade grew low and the river ran swift. Now, heaven have mercy upon poor Victoire!

(To be continued.)

A WOMAN OF RESOURCES.—A few days ago there died in the county infirmary, in Wexford, an old woman named Neville, who had led a rather remark-

able life. For the past thirty years or upwards she maintained herself by her gun, in shooting wild fowl, and by fishing. Every market-day saw the spoils of her unerring gun disposed of in the town; but some few years ago, having lost her right arm by the explosion of her fowling-piece while shooting at a flock of barnacle, she was deprived of her principal means of subsistence. Still she continued to fish. She was a woman of strong frame and iron constitution, and her naturally masculine appearance was rendered more striking by her peculiar style of dress, which was ordinarily a man's coat and hat. She sought her friends, too, among men, the pilots and fishermen of the port being principally favoured with her companionship whenever she entered society. For the past few years she resided near the harbour's mouth, in a comfortable little cabin which she had built herself out of wrecked timber. The furniture of the dwelling was also the work of her own hands, or hand rather, and though rude was substantial. She was upwards of seventy years of age at her death.

SCIENCE.

M. BRUCKE has observed that diffused solar light, instead of being perfectly white, is tinged with red. The light of burning magnesium, which appears to be so like sunlight, has a tinge of violet.

THE first employment of electricity for firing gunpowder dates as far back as 1751, and is due to Franklin; and in 1767 Priestly turned his attention successfully in the same direction.

ENGINEERING IN CHINA.

At Foo-Choo-Choo the native junk is fast being superseded by steamers for the purposes of coast traffic, and a private dock having been at work for three years with great success, which receives vessels drawing from 14 ft. to 15 ft. of water, the Chinese Government intend to make a farther move in the same direction.

Looking back for a few years, the proposed operations of the imperial officials seem to indicate a social revolution in the eastern empire. Mr. Sinclair, the British consul, reported to the Foreign Office in March of the present year that the Chinese Government have in contemplation the construction of a naval dockyard at this anchorage, and the establishment of a school of engineers. The whole machinery is to be under the superintendence of French officers, who have been engaged for a series of years. The instruction of the pupils in naval matters and navigation is to be given in the English language, but the engineering department is to be under French instructors. M. Giquel, formerly a sub-lieutenant in the French navy, and afterwards an inspector of customs at the port of Hankow, has recently returned to France with another officer for the purpose of engaging and selecting the *personnel* of the establishment. Their purpose is at first to build a few gunboats for service on the coast.

There are serious doubts entertained as to the success of the undertaking, which is planned on a most extravagant scale of expenditure. This state of things seems to change all the notions about China which we obtained at school, when that vast empire was like a sealed book to Europeans. Now the Government seem inclined to descend from their celestial connections and to adopt the solid advantages of the habitable globe. They have decided on placing a first-class lighthouse on the White Dogs at the entrance to the channel of the river, and on constructing a series of beacons of granite and iron at the dangerous spots, the cost to be defrayed out of tonnage dues on foreign shipping, which it is calculated will pay the entire cost in two years. This modern innovation is not confined to one port in China, for Mr. Morgan, our consul at Tien-tsin, also reports a similar state of things at the Peiho, and states that in enumerating the chief difficulties which affect the navigation of the Peiho by foreign vessels the dangerous shoals near the low-lying island of Shalinteen must be included, nor does he omit to state that steps are being taken by the authorities to erect a lighthouse upon the island, which is about forty miles north-east of Taku, and lies to the south-east of an extensive range of sand-banks, on which four foreign vessels had been lost in the few years which intervened between the opening of this port and the end of 1866. He also adds that the export trade of Tien-tsin, however, will probably receive its greatest and most permanent increase from the development of the vast mineral resources of Chihli and Shanai, as there can be little doubt that the mountains of these two provinces contain a superabundant supply of both coal and iron.

The coal that is known as the Chai-t'ang coal, and which is procurable in the mountains to the west of Peking, has been tried on different occasions and

found admirably adapted for the use of steamers. The mines, however, are worked in the rudest way to a depth of not more than from 150 ft. to 200 ft., and when water breaks in and gains upon the workmen, whose only means of getting rid of it is to carry it to the surface in buckets, the water-invaded pit must be altogether abandoned. Thus the best coal is never brought up from these pits, and their proprietors are opposed to the introduction of that foreign machinery which, under the superintendence of foreign mining engineers, might be so beneficially employed in working the mines. Fortunately, however, for the development at Tien-tsin of a trade in this most important export, the Chinese Government has determined to establish an arsenal at this port. The requisite machinery has already been ordered, and European engineers have been engaged to superintend it.

His Excellency the Superintendent of Trade, who is charged by his own Government with the management of this arsenal, knows that the Chai-t'ang coal is particularly well adapted for foreign furnaces, and he has informed him in person that, being himself anxious to procure it here as cheap as possible, he is about to depute a competent officer to ascertain whether a more direct route can be obtained. The consul states that the mere fact of foreign engineers being employed by the Chinese Government in an establishment in which good coals must be used will of necessity have a very great effect in paving the way for the introduction of foreign machinery and the employment of foreign capital and skill in working the mines.

NEW COMPOUND OF GELATINE.—It has been found that the addition of glycerine to gelatine imparts to it new, curious, and useful properties. Mixed with glycerine, gelatine solidifies on cooling, without losing its ductility, and answers well for the hermetically sealing of bottles. For this purpose it is merely necessary to plunge the neck of the bottle, after it has been corked, into the heated mixture, and, after allowing it to cool, repeating the dipping until a sufficiently thick coating is obtained. If one-fourth of its weight of glycerine is added to glue, it may be very advantageously used in the formation of artificial bone, also for imparting elasticity to leather, parchment, or enamelled paper. This compound possesses many of the properties of caoutchouc, and especially that of removing pencil marks from paper. It may be used as a varnish: a plate of brass coated with aniline red, and varnished with a mixture of gelatine and glycerine, assumes a most brilliant appearance.

THE FUNCTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

Now the daily work of the heart alone is estimated by Donders at 86,000 metre-kilogrammes, and it is an extreme under-statement to assert that the total daily work of the body in health is 100,000 metre-kilogrammes. To do even this quantity of work, twice the quantity, or 200,000 metre-kilogrammes of force must, as Heldenbain has proved, be provided; so that, even taking the highest possible calculation of the quantity of oxygen which could pass into the tissues, we see that it cannot account for one-sixth of the work done in them. It is more probable, indeed, that it cannot account for one-sixtieth. To supply the minimum force per diem exerted in the body there must be a daily exudation of about 264 litres, or 4-ton, if the exudate contains as much oxygen as arterial corpuscles, or 3,500 litres, or 3½ tons, on the more probable supposition that it will not dissolve more than water will.

These figures appear to furnish a complete answer to the current theory of tissue-oxidation, and to force us inevitably to the conclusion so clearly pointed out by Mayer—namely, that the whole, or nearly the whole, of the animal oxidation is effected in the blood itself, and consequently that there must exist some provision by which chemical force set free inside a capillary is converted into mechanical work in the tissues outside of it.

This view of the nature of animal oxidation tends to define more clearly our knowledge of the functions of the blood. Nutrition is one of its functions. It carries with it in its course the appropriate *pabulum* for the repair of all the tissues of the body. Bones, nerves, glands, and muscles, all alike reproduce their elementary parts at the expense of material derived from its fertilizing stream. And as these elementary parts attain their term of life they decompose and liquefy, passing again into the blood, for the most part through the same lymphatic vessels which take back the excess of the nutritive fluid. In the lymphatic vessels and glands much of the lymph is once more organized into blood, but the products of the disintegration of tissue are probably incapable of this renewal, and, in the absence of evidence, must be supposed to return into the blood in an unorganized condition.

Equally important with the foregoing is the function of oxidation, to which the force as well as the heat of the body is due. Nitrogenous as well as non-nitrogenous bodies are oxidized in the blood, and though we do not yet know the precise conditions or the precise mode in which the oxidation is effected, we are justified in inferring that it is by the direct agency of the corpuscles. There is on this view no ground for the assumption that either force or heat is due exclusively to the oxidation of one or the other class of organic compounds. Both are oxidized, and one is as likely as the other to be the motive power. Even the muscle itself, inasmuch as it is finally oxidized in the blood, may give rise to muscular work, and we must therefore conclude that Traube's hypothesis is as much an over-statement on one side as Liebig's was on the other.

The changes effected by the blood in the exercise of its functions are subject, to a most remarkable extent, to the control of the nerves; and, little as we know of this the most obscure region of physiology, we cannot avoid the conclusion that they are directly concerned in the transformation of chemical force into mechanical effect. The muscular currents of electricity, which have been so carefully studied by Du Bois-Reymond, Helmholtz, Heidenhain, and many others, are, no doubt, closely connected with this conversion; but we will abstain from speculations which are apt to degenerate into bare guesses. Dim foreshadowings of great discoveries lie before us, and it is better, after clearly stating to ourselves the truths already established, or made probable, to wait with humility, watching till diligent and patient search shall have been rewarded with fresh unveilings.

If we can clear a point or two in the intricate forest of knowledge which lies before us, we shall have done truer work than by any amount of speculation.

CONSTRUCTION OF ICE-HOUSES.

In the year 1819 I became acquainted with two modes of keeping ice.

No. 1 was constructed on the principle of keeping ice as warm as possible, or, in other words, excluding all atmospheric air. The entrance to it was through a passage 20 or 25 feet long, heavy stone wall, arched over, with door at each end. The house was circular, in shape of a lime-kiln, 14 feet diameter, tapering some little to the bottom. In the centre was a stationary ladder reaching to the door to pass up and down in getting out the ice. This ladder had sixteen steps, and door 6 feet; the arch commenced from the top of the door. In filling the house, rye straw was placed round the sides, and the ice broke fine. Larger pieces were placed in the doorway as they filled it, to keep the ice broken up until the house was filled to the crown. The inner door was then closed and the passage filled, the front well closed with straw. The passages and house were covered with soil 3 or 4 feet thick. This made a large mound, covered with grass, with nothing to be seen but the door.

No 2 was a simple hole or pit dug in the ground, the soil from which formed the sides, tapering to the bottom. At the surface it was 15 feet square. As to depth we could not tell, as it had never been known to be without ice since it was made. The covering was a shed roof, composed of straw at least 1 foot thick, which was supported by a post at each corner 2 feet from the ground, extending over the sides of the soil, and down as low as the surface of the pit. This space of 2 feet was always kept open, and, being 4 or 5 feet outside of the ice, it excluded all influence of the rays of the sun. On filling the house, straw was laid on the sides, the ice broken, as in No. 1, the ice rounded up as much as possible, and then covered with rye straw to the thickness of 2 feet.

The sequel of these two modes: No. 1 never was known to keep ice after the month of July—No. 2 never was known to be empty.

I have not been particular in giving the exact dimensions of each, but sufficiently so, I think, to give to the commonest understanding what is wanted in a structure or house for keeping ice.

The soil where No. 1 was located was limestone, stiff red clay, elevated position. No. 2, location elevated; soil, limestone and stiff red clay, containing a large quantity of small gravel, from 1/4-inch to 2 or 3 inches diameter.

To keep ice well there are four things wanted, First, perfect drainage; second, a thick covering of a non-conductor, such as rye straw, on the surface of the ice, at least 2 feet thick; third, perfect circulation of air; fourth, perfect shade. As to the shape or mode of structure, the owner can please his own fancy.—S. F.

MILITARY aeronauts do not appear to have afforded any very useful results in the war in Paraguay.

Although frequent balloon ascensions have been made, the ascent was but the signal for Marshal Lopez to order the kindling of great fires, the smoke from which covered his camp, and thus prevented the allies from discovering what was going on therein.

ONWARD.

ONWARD—onward! is the continuous and unceasing language of the created whole. The bright and innumerable stars which gorgeously bedeck the broad-arched heavens above us, in their untiring courses, whisper it in accents sweet and low; the seasons proclaim it as they, with unerring regularity, succeed each other; the unvarying sun, when he lights the eastern sky and glides the early morn of a new-born day, speaks it in accents bold; pale Cynthia sighs it when her silver rays light the deepened folds of night's "sable curtain;" the gentle zephyr breathes it; the night winds whistle it; the sweeping storm and devastating tornado, with unfailing certainty, identify it; the lightning's flash and thunder's deafening peal utter it.

'Tis "Onward" with the rippling brook and gushing mountain streams as their limpid waters bound on towards the great ocean's bed; the flowing and ebbing tide of the mighty ocean roars it as it rises and falls in its might; the snow-capped mountains lift up their heads and tell it to the passing clouds; Time, the hoary-headed potentate, proclaims it at every passing hour with an iron tongue.

From time to time, from century to century, from planet to planet, from clime to clime, from ocean to ocean, and from border to border, all is onward. And even from the very smallest rivulet leading from the vale and mountain spring down to the deep and unfathomable sea, everything is onward. Continents feel it, and are convulsed as with a mighty earthquake; nations hear it, shudder and return to their native dust; monarchs learn it, and tremble on their thrones; cities hear its voice, and rise up in magnificence, while villages hear the same, and rise to opulence. Where'er we turn on this earth's dark surface, be it to kingdoms, provinces, states, territories, counties, or townships, every impulse and impress is onward. Men, with the tastes, feelings, opinions, customs, fashions, likes and dislikes, are all onward.

The word onward never ceases to inspire and prompt to action, or influence the destinies of men. Science cannot modify, check, or arrest it, nor can it be diverted from its purpose by the sage or the philosopher. As pulsation is quickened by the throbbing of our hearts, so it flows with the very blood through our veins, and every marked second of time chronicles its progress.

'Tis ever onward with commerce, art, and mechanism. From one towering land-mark of improvement to another, from one stage of advancing civilization to another, from one acquired source of petty power to that of greater might, from one privilege to another, from one merited act of honour and glory to another, thus do we all individually or collectively move upward and onward. Thus have our predecessors, alike with us, escaped the barbarism and superstitions of innumerable ages which are past; thus may we conquer the errors of our day, and advance a step nearer that invisible Deity who created us after His own image.

Onward and upward is the lesson taught to man by the movements of the great created plan. Alike with us, as it has ever been since time began, so will it ever be until time shall end. Where'er we turn progression hails us, and "Onward!" is the watchword and cry. With hearts firm and true as adamant, perception keen, imagination bright, muscles braced, nerves strung, and energy roused, our every thought should be watchful until our summons comes; and as our spirits flee to the source whence they came, the watchword will be, "Onward—onward." J. D. M.

CAPTAIN FRITTY.

CHAPTER XI.

THE news of Sir Jasper's engagement to Dora made no little sensation in the neighbourhood, and it was rapidly spread throughout the town. Mr. James Fordyce curled his red lip under his glossy moustache in the most savage fashion, and rode home at a pace which would have broken his neck, but for the steady feet of the faithful steed he had mounted, when he was rallied by a gay comrade, at a game supper, upon the town gossip.

Sir Jasper was not there when he arrived, but Mr. Fordyce, fortifying himself with a bunch of cigars and a decanter of wine, declared he would wait for him, though he sat up till daybreak.

Sir Jasper, returning from a prolonged moonlight

ride with Dora, entered the room, with a bright, happy face, humming softly to himself.

The smile and song both ceased as his eye fell upon the black, scowling face confronting him, but he raised his head boldly and haughtily.

"Well, sir?" said he.

"No, it is not well, and you know it," retorted his father, in no way appeased by the wine he had drunk. "How dare you defy my authority in this manner? What is this accursed rumour I hear from all sides? Have you dared to renew your attention to that girl at the Terrace, after I warned you of my peremptory refusal of my sanction?"

"I told you then I was bound by no influence whatever; that I should consult my own wishes. I have done so," replied Sir Jasper, firmly.

"And you have actually proposed to her, and are mad enough to believe you will marry her?"

"Exactly so. And if you care for a farther continuance at Ayre Hall, you will endeavour to conciliate and secure the good will of the future Lady Ayre. It is late now, and I shall retire," and Sir Jasper made a movement towards the door.

"Don't you know, you insolent dog, that you lack nearly a year of being your own master, and that I am your natural guardian?" vociferated Mr. Fordyce.

"I know that I am at liberty to make a promise of marriage, and that no one can prevent it. Moreover I am aware that the chief guardian over my affairs, wisely appointed by my grandfather, is Sir John Dacre. You have, to be sure, a sort of joint guardianship, but, as I said before, none of you can hinder me giving a promise of marriage, to be fulfilled upon my reaching my majority. Such a promise I have given Dora. I shall marry her, and nothing you can do or say will change my resolution."

"Don't be too sure of that, young man," snarled Mr. Fordyce, wrathfully. "You had better save yourself a downfall, and heed my warning, for I swear to you, here and now, that I will hinder it, even if it be at the very altar steps."

Sir Jasper clenched his hand, and then glanced towards the empty wine-bottles.

"I will not reason with a man who sits alone at midnight over his wine. I will wait till your head is clear before I answer you," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, and, taking a candle from the mantelpiece, he walked out of the room.

Mr. Fordyce struck his clenched fist upon the table until the glasses rang.

"He had better have a care. Though I perish in the attempt, I can bring down his proud castle and his beautiful bride in ruins upon his own head. And I will do it before there shall be such a wedding. There are some things which cannot frighten me, but the thought of such a marriage would make my deathbed more horrible than anything else could. It shall not be, I swear it shall not. I must conjure up some plan to prevent it. Curse the luck which sent her into their track! and curse these Raymonds; my hatred of them is doubly increased by this entanglement with Jasper. If they knew, if they guessed. I must watch closely, lest my wife find it out. Her interference would raise mischief enough for me. And there was that wretch, that skin-flint! Why has the man played such insane pranks and delayed the settlement? I cannot understand him. Let him have a care. I would sweep him out of my pathway as I would brush off a fly. It would be more than two thousand pounds saved, for it would settle the question at once; and I know a man who would take care of him for twenty pounds. It were easily managed with such chaps. A single blow and a push into the water, and who's to know but that the tipsy sailor did not fall in through his own blundering? I've a mind to hunt up the fellow. I doubt very much if he sailed in the *Little Ida*, as he said he should, though I took care to make sure that the *Little Ida* sailed from the port. He has only half his money, or I should think he had given me the slip. But it won't do for me to drink any more, nor to sit up longer. There's no fear but I shall need as clear a head as possible to steer straight in this accursed business."

As he passed her door his wife noiselessly unlocked it, and looked anxiously into his face.

"I see that something has annoyed you, James. And you waited for Jasper's coming home. Have you told the boy?"

"Do you think I am an idiot?" was his undignified retort.

"It is something else, then. I can read your face too well not to know you are very much disturbed," she said, with a sigh.

"Of course it is! This ridiculous marriage; I won't have it, and that is the end of it."

"I don't see why it should concern you. She will be the first Lady Ayre whose portrait will be an ornament to the gallery. And she seems very sweet and amiable. I don't know why it should concern you in the least. Jasper—'till do worse."

"What do you know about such things? I say he shall not marry her."

"It has nothing to do with me," was the cold reply, and, closing the door again, Mrs. Fordyce returned to her chamber.

Mr. Fordyce seldom rose before ten o'clock, and Sir Jasper was off on horseback for a delicious morning canter when he descended, looking pale and languid as any delicate lady.

As the young man did not return to dinner there was no meeting between them that day. Sir Jasper did not trouble himself about his father's opposition. He wrote a brief statement of his engagement, and his intention to be married on his next birthday, to the other guardians, and then allowed the matter to drop.

The preparations for a grand county ball occupied the most of his thoughts. He had glowing anticipations of the triumph he should enjoy in seeing Dora's beauty set off by an elegant toilet. Mrs. Raymond entered heartily into his little plot to take the *début* of the shire by surprise, and dazzle them with the splendour of her beauty. A costly dress was ordered, Sir Jasper had secretly sent the family diamonds to be reset, and was determined to persuade, or insist, that she should wear them, and he was in a fever of impatience for the arrival of the eventful evening.

Mrs. Raymond was almost as eager in her anticipations. She enjoyed the *début* attending the movements of her family now that the young baronet favoured them with such constant intimacy, and almost renewed her youth in the pleasant society of the young people gathered around her. It was not without delight that she emerged from her quiet life and deep seclusion, and made her appearance again in society, feeling herself once more a person of consequence and an *Ayres*.

Her husband, so long as he was left in un molested possession of the library, made no complaint of the bustle and confusion in the house, which, as Mrs. Raymond secretly acknowledged, was a great blessing.

She was somewhat uneasy, it must be confessed, about her son. Not that Oswald was sulky, morose, or even dull.

He mixed among the guests with a cheerful smile, and was ever thoughtful and kindly attentive, but his mother's eye saw the forced constraint, the occasional weary drooping of the head, and secretly watched him when he thought himself free from observation, and felt her own heart sink with apprehension at the stern gravity and mournful woe which settled upon his face.

But yet she comforted herself with promises of the soothing effect of time, and dwelt upon the gentle influence of sweet Annabel Wilton with flattering hopes.

"If only Sir Jasper could be married before his majority I should be sure that all would end favourably. When once Dora is Lady Ayre Oswald will speedily forget his infatuation and appreciate Annabel's lovely character. Then we shall all be happy," she said.

This Mrs. Raymond repeated to herself day after day—not, indeed, without some show of reason. Of Dora's happiness she had not questioned the possibility.

The poor child kept vigilant guard over herself, and was indeed buoyed up into a feverish sort of happiness by the reflection, which she secretly nursed as if to cover the smart and pain of her wounded heart, that she was securing Oswald's future prosperity and repaying to Mrs. Raymond a little of her kindness and care, as well as granting Sir Jasper's ardent desires.

The night of the ball came, and all the county was astir with anticipation. Mrs. Raymond was in a flutter of delight, not with interest in her own gray satin and its modest jet ornaments, but concerning Annabel's blue tulle and pearls; and, in a little panic of alarm lest Sir Jasper might find something to criticize in Dora's costume, flew from one dressing-room to another, adding a touch here, and shaking off a spray or flounce of lace there, interfering rather than helping, until at last a privileged old servant locked the door upon her in her own chamber, and called her attention to the requirements of her own toilet.

She came sedately downstairs soon after, and looked in upon her young friends, as they stood in a pretty group before the great mirror of the drawing-room.

"Oh, Annabel, you look like a fairy. Those lilies of the valley are exquisite. Only Fanchon could have contrived that wreath, with its fall of veiling lace. And your dress is like a summer cloud," exclaimed she as Annabel Wilton turned to greet her, a soft flush of pink on either cheek, her blue eyes gleaming with delight.

"And be pleased to have a word to say to me," laughed Flora Raymond, pirouetting on the tip of a

pink satin slipper, and shaking out the triple row of pink silk flouncing which formed her dress. "Tell me, shall I wear those sweet-peas or roses in my hair, before you look at Dora?"

"Either will be charming amid such glossy black coils," answered Mrs. Raymond, holding up a spray against her own head, and glancing admiringly at the bouquet of moss-roses fastened at the corsage. "But why may I not look at Dora?"

"Because when you can see her you will look at nothing else. If it were not that I like to come into a great hall in the midst of a buzz of admiration, I should propose that Sir Jasper kept her an hour out of sight, until common mortals had had a chance. I shall take good care, Annabel, to be out of the daisies of her attractions, to save myself from being set aside as insignificant, and I advise you to follow my example. There, Mrs. Raymond, look and tell us what you think of her. Somebody says Cleopatra! Zenobia! But Cleopatra's beauty had wickedness in it, and Zenobia's was haughty, and our Dora, while she looks more queenly than either, more lovely, has still a saint's high sweetness. Behold, admire, and wonder."

And with a flourish of her hands, madcap Flora moved aside, and gave full view of the perfect figure, robed in shining satin of a pale, golden tint, with fustoons of foamy lace, caught up here and there with bouquets of glossy purple pansies. Dora smiled softly in response to Mrs. Raymond's involuntary exclamation of delight, but there were no blushes upon her cheek.

Her complexion was purely, almost luminously pale, while those resplendent eyes seemed to hold all the fervour and warmth of her nature within their dark depths.

She was indeed beautiful.

"My Lady Ayre," said Flora, dropping a low courtesy. "Just picture, aunt, the sensation it will create when she enters the hall leaning on Sir Jasper's arm. The lesser orbs can only shine by reflected radiance. But tell her how absurd it is to refuse to wear any ornaments except those pansies."

"The costume is perfect already, but I suspect the crowning charm is to come," responded the pleased chaperone. "Oh, Dora, you can't blame me now that I refused to listen to your protestations."

"I said it was too rich for me to wear, too costly for you to give. I could not criticize the beautiful dress, dear Mrs. Raymond," replied Dora, gently.

"Too costly! can anything be too costly for the future Lady Ayre?" teased Flora.

"Certainly not, in my eyes," responded a voice thrilling deep with admiration and joy.

The ladies all turned towards the door. Sir Jasper's glowing face looked upon them, and behind him stood Oswald, deadly pale, struggling desperately for composure. Both gentlemen were in evening dress.

Sir Jasper came forward eagerly, without a word or a glance towards anyone else, and raised Dora's hand to his lips.

"My beautiful! my peerless!" exclaimed he.

Dora saw Oswald turn away abruptly, and, smitten to the heart with a quick comprehension of all his suffering and pain, could scarcely smile upon the joy of the successful suitor. She stood silent, faltering, embarrassed under Sir Jasper's ardent glances of tender admiration.

He carried a bronze casket in his hand, and opened the lid.

"Only one thing more, and everything will be perfect, worthy even your peerless beauty, Dora," said he.

And with fingers which trembled with eagerness he brought forth ornament after ornament, bright with diamond splendour.

"The Ayre diamonds," exclaimed Dora, shrinking back as though the peerless gems had in every one an envenomed sting. "Oh no, Sir Jasper, not to-night—not to-night!"

"But to please me, Dora—to gratify my fondest desire—my proudest hopes," pleaded Sir Jasper.

"But it will look absurd. It will be time enough when I have really the right to wear them. I cannot! indeed I cannot!"

"Then it will destroy all my pleasure," said Sir Jasper, hastily, with all the pettishness of a spoiled child. "So much depends upon the first impression you make in the county. All the people whom you will be called upon to visit when you are my wife will be there to-night. I long so ardently to surprise and dazzle them. Surely, Dora, your prudishness is ungenerous. The diamonds are newly set. They are the same as my betrothal gift to you, and I do not ask you to wear the coronet, but the necklace, bandeau, and these bracelets, and the stomacher. They will complete the lovely picture you make so grandly."

"Oh, but it seems so presumptuous for me to appear there in such array. I feel like an impostor. Leave me with the pansies, Sir Jasper."

"You are to have the pansies too. Let me fasten this bandeau across your forehead. See, I will not disturb a single pansy—there! And now the necklace. Lovely throat! See how the sparkle of the gem is mocked by its fairness and ivory gleam. And now your arms, my Dora. Never may they know a heavier fetter! Only these. You will not pain me so much as to refuse to wear them?"

Dora looked wistfully into his handsome face, so full of tender pleading, and made no farther effort, though there seemed a cold, icy ring wherever the jewels touched her.

Sir Jasper surveyed her again with delighted satisfaction, and triumphantly led her forward to the group of ladies, who had delicately retreated out of hearing of their conversation.

"Now then, fair ladies, pass your judgment. Is improvement possible?"

"Do you want to kill me with envy, Sir Jasper?" asked Flora, with a tragical sigh. "It's a mercy she is engaged, or there would be no hope for the rest of us. No wonder she disdained the ornaments I suggested. I think a duchess might rejoice in the possession of these diamonds."

"And I coaxed, to the best of my ability, to induce her to wear them. Kind aunt of mine, we shall not blush for our *début* to-night."

Mrs. Raymond smiled in answer to his eager greeting, and they both went out together.

Oswald and Flora followed presently, and flitted away upstairs for coverings and shawls from the hands of the skilful dressing maids.

Dora was left alone. She stood still for a moment and then walked slowly to the great mirror, and looked at herself with a sad, troubled smile. Even she herself was impressed by the dazzling vision—the pale, beautiful face—the deep, magnetic eyes—the graceful figure, every movement of which sent rainbow twinklings from the diamonds, and soft, glossy flashes like moonlight shining over the satin folds of her dress.

Was that really Dora—the poor prisoner of the distant island—the lonely wife who had considered herself friendless and forlorn? No, it was Dora on the island, and this was Lady Ayre. She sighed wistfully. There was another identity, the only one which pleased her, and yet its remembrance caused a pang. Another name which she had repeated with a thrill of blissful consciousness. Oh, that she could be again the happy, confiding, untroubled girl whom Oswald had named his *Amphitrite*!

She clasped her hands, and murmured, unconsciously, allowing the words to become audible:

"Oh, Oswald, Oswald! if I could only fling away these diamonds, these costly robes, and accept the richer treasures of your love! But it must not be for your sake—only for your sake—is the hard necessity!"

In answer to her bitter sigh came a quick, gasping breath, a hasty step crossing the floor to her side. Dora almost shrieked as Oswald's pale face and glittering eyes confronted her. He seized both her hands, and looked into her eyes as if he sought to read her very soul.

"Dora, Dora!" exclaimed he, sternly, "what bitter face is this? Are you wounding yourself as well as thrusting a deadly blow upon me? I told you how I loved you—that no fortune could woe my heart from you. It is mockery for you to believe it can be helping me for you to marry Sir Jasper. Dora, you love me. By my sacred honour, I believe you love me. If it be as I will win you yet. I will save you from the sacrilege of such a marriage!"

There was the distant sound of steps on the stairs. Oswald pressed one passionate kiss upon her cold hand, and darted from the room, as he had entered, by the French window opening into the veranda.

The betrothed of Sir Jasper Ayre, standing there in her superb beauty, set off by the costly attire, with the priceless diamonds, the heirlooms of a proud old English family, encircling her snowy arms and throat, on the eve of this great triumphal *début* into a noble and aristocratic scene—this girl, who had sighed so desperately for one glimpse of the fairy world lying beyond the bleak island shore, wrung her slender hands and cried out from the depths of her heart:

"Oh, the misery of my life! I would I could escape anywhere, even if it were back to my island prison!"

For answer there came a little pebble, thrown by a skilful hand through the open window, and which rolled along the carpet to her very feet. Dora saw the narrow slip of paper rolled around it, stooped down, and with nervous fingers disengaged it, and read the few lines written in a coarse, unskilful hand.

She turned ghastly pale, even to her very lips, as if frozen by an evil spell, and hurrying to the window stared wildly around her. She saw no one except the gardener, who was tying up a vine, and

was so occupied with his work that he did not raise his eyes. It did not occur to her to wonder why he was there at that unusual hour, when the sinking sun scarcely allowed him fitting light for his work. She spread out the paper, glanced at it again, and then with a deep shudder crumpled it up into a tiny pellet, and threw it from the window.

"Another threatening evil! And yet how can it be? It is like a miracle. Alive! But how? and why here? How did he find me out? I must see him; yes, I must see him. It will be easy, I presume, as he says, to slip out from the ball-room, and speak a few words."

Mrs. Raymond now appeared to take her to exhibit her to her husband in the library. Dora loved the quiet, dreamy man, tender-hearted as a child, and quick in his intuitions as a woman, and she knew she had more to dread if once his mild gray eyes were roused to pierce into her heart than from all the others. She smiled brightly then, and turned round gaily, and submitted herself to his inspection with the apparent artless vanity of a child, to conceal the heavy weight of grief and foreboding resting in her secret heart.

His face brightened as he looked upon the radiant young creature.

"Ah! good wife, your estate will hold a bright particular star. I wonder if Helen of Troy shone more resplendently. I foresee that our young kinsman will enjoy a double triumph."

"You had best recall your intention of remaining at home, and accompany us, to enjoy the sight yourself," coaxed his wife.

But Mr. Raymond, after kissing Dora fondly, went to search for some quaint old poet, whose description of his lady love came to his mind, and that was the last of their claim upon his attention. Dora escaped farther scrutiny, and presently the carriages came to the door, and they were whirled away on their somewhat lengthy drive to the great county hall.

Sir Jasper's long-anticipated hour of triumph had come.

He saw hundreds of attentive eyes turn swiftly as the pompous attendant shouted forth their names, and with Dora leaning on his arm he led his party to the scene of festivity. He watched the cold, listless gaze of curiosity brighten into surprise, admiration, delight, on all faces. He could not fail to hear the low murmurs, which spread like a refrain of applause wherever they moved.

He discovered his father, elegantly dressed, in the gay group around a pretty belle, and flashed upon him one proud glance of triumph. He had been rather anxious for Dora. It was her first public appearance, and a degree of embarrassment and nervousness was not unlikely, and he watched anxiously for the first sign of it. He was inexpressibly relieved to find her as composed and self-possessed as when in the little parlour at the Terrace.

The truth was, Dora's mind was so full of that last interview with Oswald, and so occupied by vague surmises of the nature of the unexpected meeting with the writer of the note she had received, that the scene around her, novel and exciting though it might be, had no longer power to interest her. She smiled when anyone addressed her, and answered without being incoherent, but all her thoughts were far away.

But Sir Jasper found no fault. His cup overflowed when the young duke, who had just looked in a moment to fulfil the promise of lending his noble presence to the ball—which, by the way, was to serve political purposes—sought him out, and insisted upon a single dance with that peerless creature, who must certainly be the most beautiful woman in Europe.

And Dora danced with the duke, and all the gay assemblage watched, admired, or envied.

She was not so overwhelmed with her triumph, for, as the nobleman led her to a luxurious seat in one of the numerous ante-rooms, she met Oswald's eye, and its mute reproach pierced her like a sword thrust. Sir Jasper, who could not well lose sight of the polar star of all his thoughts, even had he been disposed, came to them with his mother leaning on his arm. She had arrived late, in company with Miss Jane Ayre, and a friend, under escort of the latter's husband.

Dora professed weariness, and the two gentlemen left her in the care of Mrs. Fordyce to rest in quiet.

"Jasper is very happy to-night," observed the latter, gently. "And no wonder, for your triumph is signal and indisputable. I predict a brilliant reign for you."

"Over what?" asked Dora, with a little quivering in her voice.

"Well, to be sure, it is very little when you ask it in such a tone as that," answered Mrs. Fordyce. "But most young ladies consider it a grand and desirable realm. I meant, of course, that you will be the belle of our fashionable aristocratic society when you are Lady Ayre."

"It is so strange—so very strange!" murmured

Dora. "I think sometimes that I shall close my eyes and wake again to find myself back in my obscure prison."

"Prison!" ejaculated her companion, looking in astonishment at the dreamy, beautiful face.

"Then you do not know my history? I insisted that Mrs. Raymond should tell it all to Sir Jasper, and I inferred you knew it, likewise. Let me tell it now, we are so quiet and calm here, even in the midst of bustle and gaiety."

"With all my heart," answered Mrs. Fordyce. But Mr. James Fordyce had been watching her sharply. He came forward now in great apparent haste, and said, politely offering his arm:

"Lady Reservo is very anxious to see you about the proposed orphan fair, my dear. I have been looking everywhere for you. Miss Dora is so good I am sure she will excuse you a few moments, as her ladyship is in haste. I will offer my humble services to the young lady, or bring her a more entertaining companion."

His wife flashed a quick, inquiring glance into his face, and rose hesitatingly while she said:

"I will return in a moment, dear girl."

"And meantime, Mr. Fordyce, you may finish reading the fortune that you promised. Do you know, dear madam, that he has a spell for elucidating a person's history from their birthmark? Mine is a star on my right arm, and it interested him greatly," said Dora, playfully.

It was not so much Dora's words—they might otherwise have fallen on an unattentive ear—but it was the look of consternation on her husband's face which startled Mrs. Fordyce. She trembled violently, turned ghastly pale, and, starting from Dora's surprised countenance back again to her husband's guilty looks, she faltered:

"A star on the right arm! Good heaven! what revelation is coming?"

Mr. Fordyce recovered his composure, seized her hand, drew it through his arm, and almost forcibly carried her out into the crowd, and put her by Lady Reservo's side, where he knew there would not be any chance of speedy release. He hurried back to the ante-room to speak with Dora, but it was empty. As he was returning he met Sir Jasper looking around in perplexity.

"Where is Dora? I left her here with my mother, and I saw you escorting my mother across the hall," asked he, hastily.

"I left her in this ante-room only a moment since. Oswald perhaps has taken her in to the dancers. I must find her."

But renewed search among all their friends gave no trace of the missing girl. No one had seen her since she entered that ante-room. Closer scrutiny showed that a French window of that room opened into a balcony running along the outside of the great building. On one side a long flight of steps descended to the garden in the rear. A servant remembered seeing two persons descend and wander into the garden, and the lady, he was sure, had a diamond band across her curling hair.

Although uneasy, Sir Jasper had no positive apprehension. He went down into the gardens, searched them thoroughly, for they were illumined with coloured lamps, and returned, thinking he had missed her at the entrance.

Oswald had been searching likewise, and had made careful inquiries of the servants posted in the corridors. One of them had noticed two strangers hanging about that balcony, wrapped in cloaks. He had wondered at it a little, but concluded that they were guests waiting for departure.

Again and again the brilliant company was sifted through, until there was no longer any question concerning it. Dora was not there.

As the interested party gathered together in anxious consultation one of the servants came hurrying up to Oswald. He held up a shred of amber satin with a trimming of lace, and an artificial pansy still dangling from it.

"Is this any clue? I found it in the shrubbery at the farther garden gate, the one that is never used in public. A carriage had been fastened outside for a long time, for the ground is torn by pawing hoofs, and there are fresh wheel tracks."

Sir Jasper turned deadly pale. Oswald sprang forward fiercely as he cried:

"These accursed Ayre diamonds! Someone has taken her away by force to obtain them. Quick! let us hurry to set the police upon their track. What anguish and terror she may even now be suffering!"

And in alarm and grief the party returned home, and Dora was among the missing still.

CHAPTER XII.

JONAS WESTON had reached the familiar island shore. The Little Ida was lying off in the bay,

snugly moored there for the night, before proceeding up the channel to the port. His heart swelled with triumphant glee over the success of his ambitious and avaricious plans. Nevertheless, he had one uneasy consciousness of a possibility of failure. There was an occupant of that old cabin on the cliff, which had come into Jonas's possession a year and a half before, when Captain Fritty and his wife had left it, who might cause an endless amount of trouble.

He knew her fierce passions, her wild, untamable nature. What an unscrupulous enemy she could become if once her jealousy were aroused. She, so faithful and devoted while she believed his love all her own, who was counting the days and hours for his return, what a handsome feud it would make of her if she only knew.

Jonas had revolved the subject over and over during the voyage across the ocean, and was no nearer solving the problem. One thing was certain, go he must to that cabin for a little time, and someone else with him. And almost certain was it that the keen-witted father girl would pierce beneath whatever he sought to blind her. Jonas gnashed his teeth as he thought how easily she might ruin all the plans he had brought so near to splendid fruition, and how sure she would be to do it if she suspected his intentions. If only some friendly accident had taken her out of his way. But that was not so. He knew it by the cheerful light shining through the panes in the black little cabin up there among the rocks.

Salome was there keeping his hearth bright in readiness for his coming. It was a wonder her watchful eye had not spied out his boat as it sped around the point, and that she had not come rushing down to meet him.

He had taken pains to land at a spot secure from observation, even had not the evening shadows veiled the scene. He stood looking angrily upon the light from the humble window. How he hated the poor creature he had taken such pains to win only a year ago. She stood in his way now, and Jonas hated her for it, although he knew no slave could be one half so devoted and unflinching as she, while he gave her the feeblest show of genuine affection. How swiftly he descends who once consents to a downward course. Jonas Weston had been a tender-hearted man once, but now he was ready to gnash his teeth in rage that this poor, devoted creature had not died during his absence.

"How easy it might have happened!" he muttered; "a single step from those rocks on any dark night and that would have stopped any interference with my plans. Humph! why may it not happen yet?"

And then suddenly he started, and even in the darkness his cheek flushed intensely.

"I say, why may it not happen? And now, before I bring anyone from the sleep."

He stood a moment lost in absorbing thought, then exclaimed:

"What's the use of my shrieking? I shall either have to give up this thing after going so far, or I must take matters into my own hands. I'll go up and see her, and decide by that."

And, having settled the matter in his mind, Jonas walked hastily with great strides up the steep pathway of the cliff, and stood a moment at the window, looking in.

A tall, well-proportioned girl was sitting at her sewing, singing a low-toned ballad as her nimble fingers plied the needle.

Jonas glanced over the handsome though rather coarse and unintellectual features, and then unceremoniously entered.

The girl gave one glance, flung down her work, and, rushing forward, threw her arms around his neck, with wild sobs of joy.

"Oh, Jonas, oh, Jonas, you're home again! How could it be that I did not expect it? And here all day I have been sitting with my heart like lead, feeling as if something awful was pending. And, instead, it's you come safe and well, safe and well! Why don't you say you're glad? Why don't you kiss me, Jonas?"

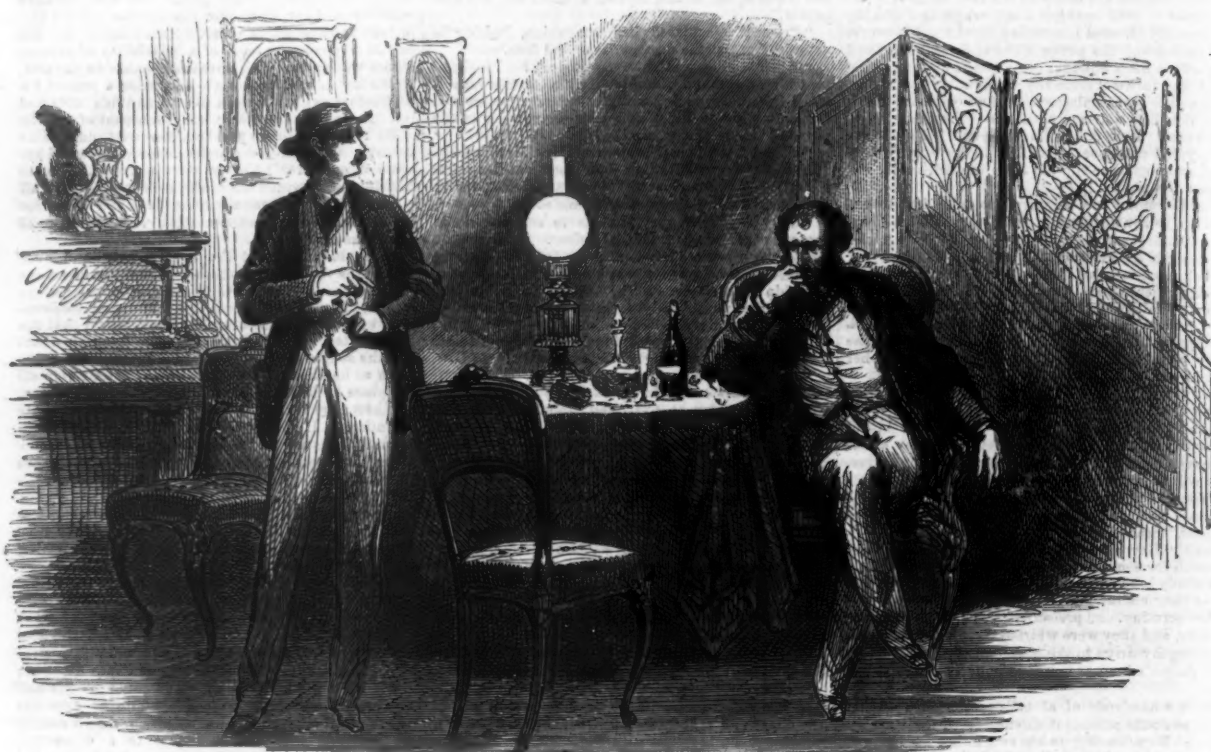
Those words were ejaculated between passionate caresses and little sobs of excitement, and she leaned back looking joyfully into his face.

"Of course I'm glad, Salome; who wouldn't be, I should like to know? And we've had a good passage. You're well, ain't you?"

"Well? of course I am, except for fretting about you. Oh, Jonas, how could you keep the Little Ida there so long, taking that Sicily voyage, instead of coming home, as you might have done? I was so wild with disappointment. And you didn't write to me as you promised."

"What was the good when you couldn't have read the letters?" said Jonas, with a laugh.

"But there's plenty here who could. Look here, Jonas, turn your face this way, will you? Something has come across you, and made a change it seems to me."



[FATHER AND SON.]

She said this in a resentful tone.

"What a strange woman. I'm thinking about my business. It ain't just the thing, you know, but I steered clear of pilots, and left the sloop outside, while I rowed down here."

"To see me! Oh, Jonas, was it to see me? And here was I almost ready to believe you had forgotten to love me. Have you done well on this voyage, Jonas?"

"Pretty well. I mean a good thing will come of it," answered Jonas, significantly.

Her arms were still around his neck. She hid her face on his shoulder, as she asked, in a tender, coaxing voice:

"And then won't you take me with you to see all the fine sights, and you'll get me a gold ring, and have a true marriage, won't you, Jonas?"

Jonas made a feint kindness.

"What a silly little puss! Are you not satisfied now? You are doing better than half the women here."

"I don't know. But you are a smarter man than any of the others, and I would like to be a better woman."

Jonas whistled.

"I've got a bright red shawl for you, and some ear-rings, but they're in the cabin of the Little Ida. I think that will do for this time."

"I'd rather have a ring, a real wedding-ring, Jonas, and you may save all the other finery; I don't care for that. But do sit down, and may I get some supper? You're not going back to-night?"

"Oh, yes; I must have the sloop up there before daylight. I just took a run up to see you for a minute."

"Oh, Jonas, how glad I am you love me."

"But supposing I didn't, Salome? Supposing I'd found a pretty girl since I've been gone?" asked he, assuming a jesting tone.

"Oh! I've thought of that often. I think you would regret it as much as I," she answered, catching her breath sharply.

"Why, what difference would it make to me?" asked Jonas, lightly.

"I should kill her and you, and drown myself," responded Salome, her bright black eyes flashing dangerously. "You had better leave such thoughts alone, for there is a tiger in me when once I am roused. I would pursue you to the ends of the earth; I should only eat, drink, and breathe for the sake of revenge. But why do you talk of such a thing, Jonas? you are changed somehow. Let me look into your eyes."

"Let me have a kiss from those lips, rather,"

observed Jonas, with assumed gaiety. "I say, Salome, how are all the fishermen down at the Cove? This ought to be their harvest-time."

"So it is. I don't believe there's two smacks in to-night. Poor old Brown has had bad luck. He's broken his leg, but the rest are about the same. They think you are as good as a prince for riches, now you own the Little Ida. And really, Jonas, I don't see why you can't—"

"Don't bother me to-night with teasings, Salome; when I get the cargo out I'll think about it, and hear all you have to say. Now I must be off again."

The girl stood a moment looking at him uneasily.

"Jonas," said she, in a low, passionate tone of voice, "I can't make you out to-night. If you don't care for me I don't see why you have come here to-night, and, having come, it's queer you should go away again so soon. If you're playing me a trick, if you have cheated me, Jonas Weston, you will fare badly. I can promise you that."

"Don't let's quarrel on our first night of meeting. I am tired to-night; I watched the course the last two nights, and it would be a wonder if I didn't feel weary. Good night, Salome; I'll be back to-morrow."

He kissed her lightly on the forehead, but she clung to his neck.

"Don't be cross with me, Jonas. You are all the world I care about. I have no ship, no business, only you."

The pathetic appeal of her voice did not melt Jonas's hardened heart.

He put her away, and went out. She stood motionless at the threshold just as he had left her.

In a few moments she raised her head in wild alarm. Jonas's voice was heard, feeble, and in accents of pain.

"Salome! Salome! Help! help! the cliff!"

"Oh, horror!" exclaimed Salome, snatching up the candle, rushing out with it lifted high in air, "he has fallen over the cliff! Jonas, Jonas, where are you?"

She rushed forward in frantic haste to the very verge of the precipitous rocks, below which surged the deep black waters.

The flame of the candle in contrast with the darkness blinded her eyes, and as she stood there, peering wildly down, a quick, stealthy step brought Jonas Weston from his hiding-place, and his cruel, remorseless hands seized upon her, and thrust her down.

One smothered cry, a deep splash, the yell of some water-fowl roosting among the rocks startled

from its sleep, and everything subsided into stillness.

Jonas Weston stood for a moment awed with the horror of the deed, but yet listening with all his faculties.

No sound, no stir. It was ended then; no farther danger from Salome's wild, passionate nature, her jealous rage, or curious interference.

Jonas caught his breath sharply, and ran down the cliff around the beach to the Cove.

He walked into the first fisherman's cabin he reached.

"Can you tell me where Salome has hidden herself?" asked he, abruptly.

"Oh! Jonas Weston; so you are home again. Salome? why, isn't she up in your cabin?"

"I can't find her. I whistled, as I always do, to give her notice of my coming, and I was sure she answered me. But I can't find her. The cabin door was open, and I thought she was hiding to tease me, but I waited so long, with no signs of her, I thought she was down here at the Cove."

"She hasn't been here since morning, but perhaps she is over at Mr. Brown's."

"Well, tell her I'm coming round in the morning. I can't wait any longer. The Little Ida is outside, and they're waiting for me to come."

"I'll run up early and let her know. The girl will wish she had kept indoors. She's smart enough though, even for you, Jonas Weston."

"Of course she is. I'm impatient enough to see her. Tell her I should have stayed longer if I could have done it."

And, whistling, Jonas walked back again to the beach below the cliff, where he had left his boat.

Hardened as he had grown, he could not repress a shudder as he heard the spot where the great waves sang their hoarse refrain. What had they done with poor Salome?

He shut his eyes and walked away swiftly, half afraid an avenging ghost would rise from its watery grave and confront him.

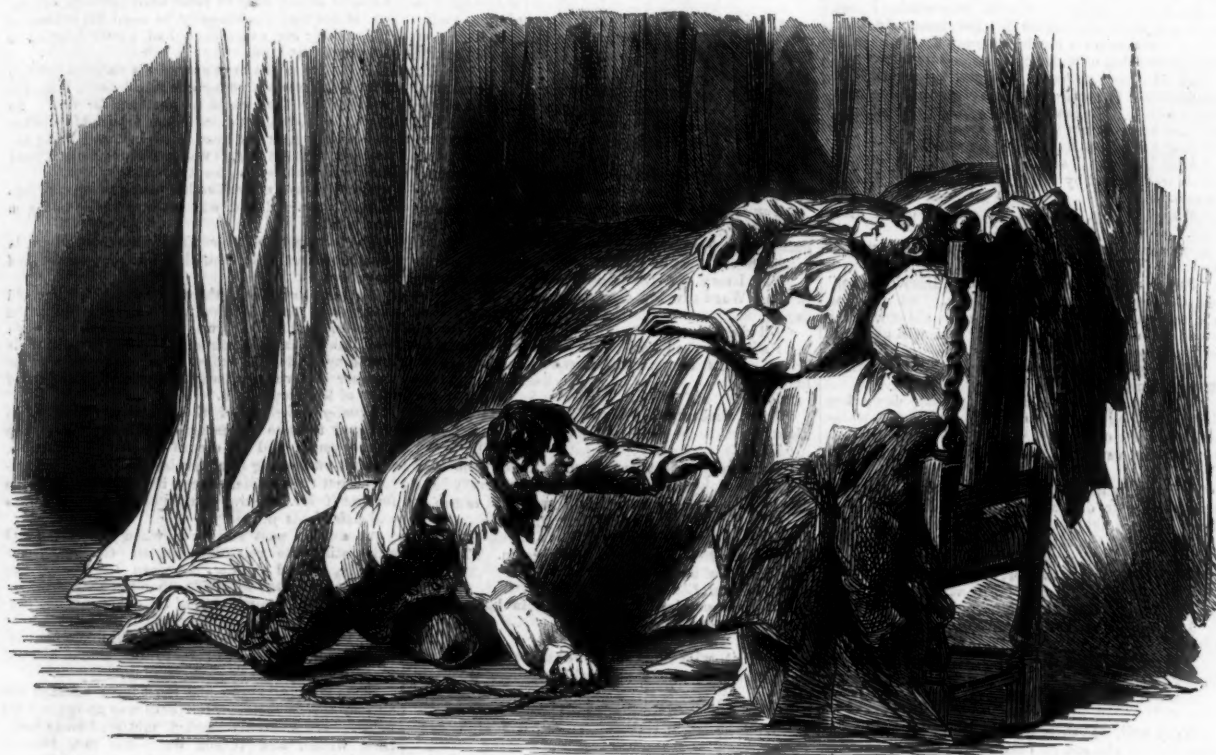
His boat was rocking against the shore, as if impatient to be away.

Jonas Weston leaped in as he drew in the anchor, and seized upon the oars. He rowed with nervous, desperate energy, and gained the Little Ida once more. The moment he arrived her prow was turned towards the channel.

The wind had been light, but now it seemed to gather strength, and to Jonas's shrinking ears it seemed to sound like the voice of a demon:

"Ruined! ruined! Salome will have revenge."

(To be continued.)



[THE ROBBERY.]

THE SILENT PARTNER.

CHAPTER IV.

On the ensuing morning Charley Lee rose very early and found Roxa, pale and sad-looking as before, making the kitchen fire; but her eyes sparkled with something like pleasure on seeing him, for she knew that he had heeded her warning.

"You conferred a great favour upon me last evening, Roxa," he said, "and be assured I shall not forget it. Tell me, now, all that you know about this matter."

"I will, sir; and I am sure I am most happy to be of service to you, for you seem to have no friends here. Only yesterday I heard Uncle Rooke say there was a map who would give ten thousand pounds down for the Lee land."

"Ten thousand pounds?"

"Yes, sir, but I advise you to sell for no such sum. You must excuse me if I seem forward, but you are inexperienced in this business, and I hear so much of it here that I should be very stupid if I did not learn something."

Charley began to feel like a school-boy in the presence of this young girl. Never had he seemed to himself so simple.

"Pray, don't apologize, miss, while you are laying me under such weighty obligations; but before you say more tell me by what name I may address you—for I am sure you have been accustomed to something better than the station in which I find you."

"My name is Roxana, sir," said the girl, stooping down and blowing the fire, while the reflection from the red coals lighted up her pale face with a glow which counterfeited for the moment the roseate hue of health.

"You have another name?"

"Hastings."

"Then, Miss Hastings, allow me to ask by what misfortune you, who have the language and deportment of a lady—"

"No, do not ask me anything about myself, at least not now," said the girl, blushing, "for I hear someone moving upstairs. I want to finish what I began to say to you."

"Go on, then."

"Do not sell all your right in the land at any price. Reserve a half or quarter interest, and then you will get the benefit of the capital which is laid out upon it, and may realize many thousands from it every year. Do not look so astonished at me, sir. These are not my ideas, but they are what I hear every day."

Again Charley thanked his fair friend, and, assuring her that he would profit by her advice, he hastened to quit her presence before there were spectators to their interview.

He remained to breakfast with the Rooke family, but he declined farther negotiations with the discomfited Mr. Sharp and his friend, who continued to advance in their offers, and who wondered much as to the change in his views.

At Captain Smith's, whither he repaired early in the forenoon, he found a different class of men, and among them the capitalist of whom Miss Hastings had spoken—a Mr. Ogilvie, whose frank, straightforward mode of dealing was in marked contrast with that low cunning and fraud of which he had so nearly been the victim.

"You've got a rich tract there, young man, as I presume you know," he said. "I've been all over it, and I was going back to London to look up the owner of it. I am glad to meet you."

Charley was charmed; but he was still on his guard, for this might be only the semblance of candour.

It proved otherwise.

He speedily concluded a bargain with this gentleman, by which he was to receive ten thousand pounds down on executing his deed for an undivided half of the property, and the joint partners were then to form a company for working the land, which Mr. Ogilvie told him could not fail to insure them both a fortune.

A fortune! Had he not made it already? Mr. Lee felt like a millionaire when the capitalist—who, business like, declined to take a deed until the title had been examined—scratched off a memorandum of the agreement for the young man to sign, paid him a thousand pounds earnest money, and agreed to meet him in London in three days to complete the purchase.

Bewildered by the change in his fortunes and by the prospect so suddenly opening to him, yet resolved not to quit the place without again seeing Roxana, and learning something of her history, the young man retraced his steps in the afternoon to Farmer Rooke's, and asked permission to take up his quarters there until the ensuing day.

This unexpected request was of course readily granted, the artful host suspecting nothing of the causes which led to it, and being willing to make some profit out of his inexperienced customer, though baffled in his main design against him.

Charley was rather more reserved in his communications now, and Mr. Rooke plied him with questions which brought only the vaguest answers;

but he learned the whole story from other sources before night, even to the thousand pounds which now reposed in the young man's pocket. But in his turn he now maintained silence on the subject, and professed not to know that Mr. Lee had sold his land.

Mr. Sharp and Mr. Sligh had gone to digest their chagrin and try their wits in other quarters, so that Mr. Lee was not farther molested by the inquisitiveness of those around him.

But how should he open communication with poor Roxana, whose welfare he had so much at heart, and to whom he owed so much? Evening drew nigh before he could satisfactorily answer this question, and then he decided that he would openly seek the information that he wanted, and would try to place the young girl on a better footing in her uncle's family, until such time as he could bestow upon her some greater benefaction.

"Who is this Roxa, this servant girl of yours, Mr. Rooke?" he asked. "She seems too young and feeble for her work."

"Oh, she ain't a servant; she's my wife's niece, Roxa is. And as to her being feeble, it's only lassiness. She is strong enough and smart enough when she wants to do anything."

"That is when she takes an interest in what she does. But why does she live with you thus? Has she no parents?"

"No parents? She has a mother and sister, and they are also poor. We took Roxa out of charity, like, but she wasn't brought up to work and don't take to it. She shall, though, if she stays here."

"Her father is dead, then?"

"Yes. He was a shiftless fellow—a music-teacher and a fine gentleman; always going to be rich—educatin' his daughters like princesses, and then dyin' and leavin' 'em beggars."

"How long has your niece been with you?"

"About a year."

"How do Mrs. Hastings and the other daughters get a living?"

"Law knows, I don't. I believe Anna gives music-lessons, and the old one takes in sewing. But wife says they've got to give up their nice rooms and go to a lodging-house, and that then Emily can't keep her scholars. Roxa had a letter from them, and has been cryin' about it. She's been hoping to go and live with them one of these days, but she'd better stay where she is, if she knows when she's well off. She's got a home now."

Charley's mind was instantly made up. He would go the next day and relieve the pressing need of

Mrs. Hastings, and Roxy should go with him if she would, and if her uncle and aunt consented. If not, he would, at least bargain for her immunity from menial work, and for her being treated as a boarder until her mother or sister could come after her.

Full of these generous designs, he resolved to communicate them at once to his pretty benefactress, for he felt that he had a heavy debt to discharge, and that he could not begin too soon.

"May I see Miss Hastings?" he asked.

"Miss Hastings!" said Mr. Rooke, with a guffaw, which was echoed by his wife and two daughters in various tones.

"Miss Hastings," said Rachel, with a broad grin, "Mr. Lee wants to see you."

Roxy came, and stood looking at the company as if awaiting orders of some kind.

"Please to come in and take a seat, Miss Roxiana," said Charley, handing her a chair. "I want to talk to you about your mother and sister whom I intend to see to-morrow, if—if you will give me their address."

"My mother and sister!" replied Roxy, with a surprised and pleased look.

She took the offered seat, and pulling down her sleeves, without noticing the rudo staring and whisperings of her cousins, she said:

"You are very kind, sir, to interest yourself in them."

"Your uncle has told me about their embarrassment and your distress for them. I can relieve them. Would not you like to go to them?"

"Would I? Oh, sir, can you ask? I have not seen my mother for a year."

"With me, I mean, to-morrow?"

"There, stop that," said Mr. Rooke; "that's goin' too far, that is. The girl ain't a goin' with you."

"I should think not," added Polly and Betsy, in a breath.

"Are you her guardian?" Mr. Lee asked of the farmer.

"I'm her uncle, and her natural protector, sir, at present."

"Very well. If, then, her mother or sister should come for her she can go I suppose?"

"Yes; but I advise you not to be meddlin' and makin' mischief in families, young man."

"I only seek to benefit her, sir."

"Yes, yes, I know—we all know what it means when a young chap like you wants to benefit a poor girl."

"I scorn your insinuations, sir; but I acknowledge your right to forbid your niece going with me—a stranger to you all. She shall not go, then; but, as she will be sure to leave you soon, have you any objection to releasing her from all obligations to do your household work, and keeping her simply as a boarder on the most liberal terms, until she is sent for by those who have a right to control her movements?"

"A boarder! Ha! ha! ha!" said Polly.

Again the laugh went round, but Roxy did not seem disturbed by it. She watched young Mr. Lee with wondering, eloquent eyes, and she listened for the answer.

"Wal, I dun know. What do you mean by liberal terms? I'll keep her for two shillings a day, and she may set in the parlour all day."

The farmer seemed to think that he had named a staggering price.

"That will do."

"To be paid in advance for a fortnight, at least."

"Agreed."

"And if she ain't come for in that time, or if she is come for, no matter how soon, and we can persuade her mother that this is the best place for her, then things to be as they was, and I to keep the money."

"All right. Give me a receipt," said Charley, taking out his pocket-book and counting out the money, without noticing the ravenous looks which seemed to pierce the piles whence they were taken.

"I ain't afraid of her mother taking her away," said Mr. Rooke, writing the receipt. "She is glad enough to have her off her hands, and in a good home."

Roxy did not seem to feel assured herself on this point, for, of course, she did not yet know to what extent Mr. Lee was able or willing to assist her mother. She knew, indeed, nothing of his sale to Mr. Ogilvie, for he had had no opportunity to speak with her apart.

But that he would inevitably profit largely by her advice, if he had not already done so, she was certain; and, therefore, she was less reluctant to receive favours from him which might be regarded as at least partly her due.

Not that she was any the less grateful to him for his prompt and ready assistance, but it was by reflections like these that she soothed her wounded pride.

CHAPTER V.

IN Mr. Rooke's stable, late that evening, a conference was held which might have disturbed the sensibilities of even its equine auditors, if they could have comprehended its import.

The colloquists were the farmer and his hired man, scarcely yet a man in years; a vicious-looking fellow, who was known only by the name of Phil, who did not need any very special incentives to an act of villany.

It is unnecessary to give much of this conversation.

"You want to try your hand at speculation a little? So do I. He's got a thousand pounds in his pocket now, to my certain knowledge."

"Seen it?" asked Phil, eagerly.

"Yes, I may say I've seen it. At any rate, I know it. Tom Ward saw Mr. Ogilvie pay it to him yesterday."

"All right!"

"He don't need it. He's rich enough, you know. Goin' to get ten thousand for only half of his farm."

"Yes?"

"And I shall put him in the room next to you to-night."

"Ha!"

"He don't suspect anything. There's no lock on the door between, and I've taken everything out of his room that he could possibly fasten it with."

"He'll put somethin' agin it."

"It opens tober way—into your room. The door is in a kind of niche, you see."

"Yes—well?"

"Well, he carries his pocket-book in his coat, in the inside breast-pocket."

"Yes."

"And it will hang on a chair, probably near the bed. It's the easiest thing in the world to do."

"Why don't you do it yourself?"

"Well, he might wake up, and then I ain't very strong."

"But you don't mean—"

Phil's tone and look, as seen by a dim lantern-light, finished this sentence.

"N—no, not if it can be helped, of course. But if he wakes, what else can be done? We don't want to go to prison."

"Nor to be hung."

"No danger, if it come to the worst. Why, he changed his mind and went off in the night. We can't account for him after that."

"But if he's found?"

"We must see that he isn't. You know there's places in that gully that—"

"But if he is found?" repeated the other, gruffly.

"Well, there was another traveller, a suspicious-looking fellow, that stopped at my house late that night—slept in the next room to Mr. Lee, and went off before breakfast. He did it. Don't you see?"

"Oh, you're a 'cute one, Mr. Rooke, you are. 'Tain't easy to get the start of you."

Charley Lee tried in vain that night to get a chance to speak to Roxiana in private. He wished to tell her all that he had done, and designed to do, and to press some money on her acceptance to enable her to prepare for her expected journey. But the morning would answer for these purposes, and he resolved to rise early, not doubting that she would find some way to give him an interview.

He was surprised to find that his room was not the same which he had occupied on the previous night and that it was a less comfortable one. But Mr. Rooke explained on lighting him to bed that he expected another guest, for whom he had reserved the other apartment.

This fiction of another lodger would be every way convenient, and might reconcile the young man to his pecuniary losses in the morning, provided he escaped the greater evil which so seriously threatened him.

It was told everywhere through the house that a traveller had called just before dark, a stout, black-bearded man, on a bay horse, to engage a room, which he would return to occupy at eleven o'clock or after, and that he rode off at a rapid gallop up the road.

There was much speculation as to who this mythical man was, but Charley took no interest in the subject. He was only anxious to get off early in the morning, to redeem his promises to his fair benefactor, and then to hasten home and relieve the wants and allay the anxieties of his beloved relations there.

Full of these blissful thoughts, he retired to rest, and, unsuspecting of danger, he was soon lost in sleep.

Robbery and murder were crimes which seemed to him to belong only to some barbarous age and nation, or perhaps occasionally to some far outpost of civilization; his experience had never pointed to danger of that kind.

Mr. Rooke might have spared his pains in relation to the doors, for his young guest had never looked to see whether they could be fastened or not. He closed them, rapidly disrobed, and laid his clothes upon a chair near the head of his bed, and, being naturally a light sleeper, it was not likely that anyone could remove them without awakening him.

His room was above the kitchen, and opened into a loft of the woodshed, which adjoined the house on the north.

The loft was Phil's sleeping-apartment, where, in silence and darkness, the villain waited, watched, and listened.

Through a crevice in the wooden partition he could see some of the movements of his intended victim before his feeble light was extinguished, and when the young man had retired Phil could even hear his breathing, and could judge of the soundness of the slumber into which he was falling by the length and force of his respiration.

Equally covetous of the promised plunder, he resolved to take advantage of the first deep sleep of the youth, and to secure his spoil, if possible, without awakening him, for, bad as he was, he preferred not to take life, though he was prepared even for that if Mr. Lee was unfortunate enough to awake and defeat his property.

At a little past midnight, when the house was quite still, the relentless robber cautiously and silently opened the door between the rooms, and for many minutes he made no other movement towards the accomplishment of his object. When convinced that this step had created no attention he crept in upon his hands and feet, and made his way, not without frequent pauses, to the side of the bed where the slumberer's garments lay.

Some mesmeric influence must have affected the sleeper at this moment, for there was no appreciable noise. He suddenly started, muttered some indistinct words, and turned over, his face towards the chair on which his apparel had been thrown. Alas for him if he awakens now, or if he tries too long the patience of his waiting foe.

Clutching with one hand the rope, which, if need be, was to do a noiseless work of strangulation, Phil waited yet many minutes, until the quiet, measured breathing of the dreamer was resumed, and then he resolved to end the suspense.

He is beside the chair, he rises on his knees, with face averted from the bed, lest his breath should fan the cheek of the unconscious man, and he turns the garments over until he finds the coat, underneath of all, for it had been first removed.

There was some rustling which he could not prevent before he reached it, and still more as he fumbled for the breast-pocket, and drew out the plethoric wallet, and again the sleeper moved and muttered more and louder than before.

Fully believing that he was awake, Phil's resolve to strangle him was instantly taken, but at that moment Mr. Lee turned again heavily to the other side, and his life was saved.

The robber crept out as he had come in, and closed the door after him. He then descended the back stairs and went out, and, having buried his treasure, returned to seek his own rest with no small complacency. He had not committed murder, and he felt that he was entitled to some credit for his forbearance.

CHAPTER VI.

THE farmer and his hired man were both up soon after dawn on the ensuing morning, and they met, as before, in the stable.

"He's alive?" asked the farmer, with some anxiety.

"Don't make too sure of that," was the gruff reply. "Go and look in the gully under the big elm."

Mr. Rooke turned pale, and his teeth chattered as he replied:

"I—I'm sorry for that. I didn't think it would come to that. But it can't be helped now. You got the money?"

"Yes."

"Let's—let's see."

"That's buried, too, for the present. Wait a bit."

"Was there a thousand?"

"I didn't count it. How could I in the dark? Whatever there is, it is all there, safe."

"All right. We are safe enough, but somehow I wish it hadn't been done."

"Oh, don't you go to showing the white feather now, after puttin' me up to it!"

"I don't. I only say it would have been better if

we could have got along without that. I'd give half my share to have it undone."

"Would you?"

"Yes, I would."

"Well, I'll take it. He's as alive as you are, and fast asleep this minute, I'll be bound."

Mr. Rooke grasped his fellow-villain's hand, and said earnestly:

"Do you speak truth now?"

"I swear it."

"I'm glad on't. You got the money without waking him?"

"Yes; but it was touch and go. A little more and he'd been done for."

"But you know I'm to have my half. It was a cheat. I can't stand that, you know."

"I don't want you to. I'm satisfied with half of such a haul as that. Only keep quiet, and let it be where it is until after he's gone."

"All right."

Mr. Charley Lee rose early, dressed, and came downstairs without learning his loss. He was gratified to find that Roxiana was up, and reading in the breakfast-room, quite naturally and quietly, and the young man hastened to address her.

"I may not have another opportunity to see you alone," he said. "Let me say what I wish to now. You have done me the greatest service. Bear this always in mind, and do not feel that you are receiving anything from me as a gift. I have sold half my land only, at a very large price, which is to be paid in a few days, after which I shall be able to do you justice. For the present I want you to take money enough to enable you to prepare for your journey—"

Charley was fumbling nervously for his pocket-book as he spoke.

"You are doing too much, sir, I fear. I do not like to take money—certainly not if you are going to help mother. I could only take it to send her."

"But a travelling dress you may want or something of the kind."

"No."

Mr. Lee had felt several times in every pocket by this time, and began to show decided signs of alarm.

"Excuse me a minute," he said, "I must have dropped my pocket-book on the floor upstairs."

He went up, but did not return for many minutes, and when he did so he announced his loss without any great discomposure.

The news spread, and search was made in and about the house by everybody, not excepting Mr. Rooke and Phil.

"I certainly had it out last evening to pay you," he said to the farmer. "I have not been out of the house since."

"Shouldn't wonder if it had been stolen," said the other. "I didn't like the looks of that fellow."

"What fellow?"

"That Mr. Thompson that came here late last night. I put him in the room next to you, and he went off about daylight this morning. Depend upon it, he's got it."

"Like enough."

"I hope there wasn't much in it."

"Too much to lose."

"Has anybody seen you receive money since you have been here?"

"Very likely. A Mr. Ogilvie paid me some yesterday when there were a number of men standing around."

"That's it, then. This Mr. Thompson has been one on em', and he's followed you here on purpose. I thought there was something strange about that man."

"What kind of a man?"

Mr. Rooke described the phantom robber very circumstantially.

"Which way did he go?"

"Towards Captain Smith's."

"Perhaps I'll come across him," said Mr. Lee, and that was the last he said about it.

The farmer thought he took his loss very coolly. "I shan't be able to pay my bill till I come again," said Charley.

"No matter, 'tain't much."

"And I must find someone to lend me a few pounds to get home with."

"Yes; Mr. Ogilvie will do that. He's got plenty."

"So he will, if I can find him."

Charley bade Rox good-bye, and begged her to give herself no uneasiness about his loss.

"It may delay the relief I intended for your mother, but it will be for a few days only."

The young man went off at last, as he had come.

In the evening Mr. Rooke and his man dug up their treasure, and took it to their trying-ground, the stable, to examine and divide it. Their exultation was very great. They stood at the manger, and Phil took out the roll of notes and counted

them, laying them down as he did so. They were all fives and tens, and not many of those.

He counted up to seventy pounds, and the roll was out. He looked in a frightened way into the wallet, took out five from another compartment of it, and laid them with the rest, and again looked through the book.

"What does this mean?" he asked, quickly. "Here's only seventy-eight pounds in all. Where's your thousand pounds? No more tricks, Phil. We've had enough of them."

"But by thunder! that's all—every pound!"

There was something in the younger robber's disappointed look which staggered Mr. Rooke, and nearly convinced him of the other's truth. It was presently confirmed. On searching the wallet farther, they found Mr. Ogilvie's cheque on a London bank for nine hundred pounds, payable to the order of Mr. Charles Lee.

They were dumfounded. Only one hundred of the thousand pounds had been paid in money. Seventy-eight pounds was all the fruit of their villainous plot, for the cheque was of no more value to them than so much blank paper.

Grumbling and mortified, they divided the small spoils, and dismissed their dreams of speculation.

"I thought the fellow was cool about the loss of a thousand pounds," said Mr. Rooke. "Confound him! I feel as though I should like to take it out of his skin."

"Maybe he'll come back agin with a bigger pile. He is a greenhorn, and don't spect us."

"I don't know about that."

Charley Lee did not find his friend Mr. Ogilvie at the house of Mr. Smith, but he learned that he had gone to his home to examine the records in regard to the title of the land which he had agreed to buy.

The young man followed him—the village was about ten miles distant—and found him in the afternoon of the same day.

He had only to name his embarrassment to have it remedied.

"I have not much money with me," said Mr. Ogilvie; "but there are some people who knew me here, and I think I can get a cheque cashed. How much do you want?"

"A couple of hundred pounds, if you have got it. But less will do."

The money was procured without difficulty.

"I find your title all right," said Mr. Ogilvie, "and we will finish the business as soon as I get back to London, which will be in two days at farthest."

"You are still sanguine?"

"Perfectly. We shall make our fortunes—large fortunes, too. I speak within bounds."

"I have a favour to ask."

"What is it?"

"That my interest in this matter be kept a profound secret; that you never point me out to anyone as your partner; that you allow me to remain under a cloud."

"Can it be done?"

"I think so. My name is a common one, both Christian and surname; and it need not be known whether your partner is Mr. Charles Lee of London, or to which of the numerous families of that name he belongs."

"But your own relatives?"

"They know not a word of it, and will not, at present, from me."

"Perhaps it can be kept secret. I will do my best, though it seems a singular whim."

"I have reasons for it which I do not wish now to divulge; but I will rely upon your aid."

CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. HASTINGS and her daughter Emily had fought the battle of life with uncommon courage and spirit for the last two years, but not with striking success. The widow's position was, in many respects, similar to that of Mrs. Lee; but her energy and ability to combat misfortune had been greater. She had been far more hopeful and sanguine, and it was surprising how her imagination would invest the most doleful circumstance with something of a cheering aspect.

Although a lady in habits and education, she accepted her altered position without any pretext or shame.

She took in needlework of any kind openly, and sought it in person of employers, while Emily, emulating her example, without fully sharing her patience, laboured quite as earnestly in her own vocation, and submitted to be patronized by people, who were glad to get good musical tuition at a low price and call it charity to the teacher.

The mother was a tall, spare lady, whose plain features were redeemed from ugliness by soft black

eyes, which time had not robbed of their youthful light, and by that mild and genial expression which true goodness always imprints upon the countenance, however rugged the outline.

Emily, who was about twenty years old, and of medium height, had the beauty of good robust health, and a fresh, clear complexion, but lacked the feminine grace and attractiveness of her younger sister.

She had, like her mother, indomitable spirit and energy; but she could scarcely be meek or uncomplaining.

"I thought we were ground down to the dust before," she said, "but it seems we were not low enough. We must quit even our two nice rooms. What is it for I should like to know? Why are we singled out for such a fate?"

"We are not singled out, my child. There are hundreds and thousands as badly off as we are, and many still worse."

"Nothing can be worse. It is terrible."

"It is hard, but not so terrible. It is wicked to complain as you do, my daughter, and I never shall feel confident of better times while you are so rebellious in spirit. Heaven knows best, and if our lot were a prison we ought still to thank so and to feel resigned."

"I will not complain then. I will try to be patient. But I shall never be like you. Perhaps some allowance will be made for me, since I have been taught from childhood to look for so much, and now it all comes to this."

Emily spoke humbly and reverently now, and her mother quickly replied:

"That sounds better, my love. Do not despair. Our new home is certainly not among desirable neighbours, but the room can be made very neat and tidy, and we shall get along."

"I shall lose my scholars. Mrs. Proudfoot said there were so many infectious disorders in those houses that she could not have me coming from them to her children."

"Well, she only paid half price."

"It will be the same with the rest. The pupils themselves will be the first to object. I shall lose them all."

"Well, they've been a great trouble and vexation to you, Emily, and no great profit. You can earn almost as much by sewing, and we'll have such pleasant social times sitting together all the long afternoons and evenings."

"And poor Roxy! It puts an end to her hopes."

"Roxy! Oh, she'll be married to some nice young farmer one of these days, and perhaps we'll all go and live with her on the farm."

Emily said nothing of an undeclared lever of her own, of whose sentiments she was well assured, but whom she felt that she was giving up with everything else now.

She was a clerk without means, though with fair prospects; but she believed and hoped that he would lose sight of her when she descended into this "lower deep" of poverty.

"We have two whole days yet," said the mother. "Let us make the most of our pleasant home while we stay."

"And I used to think these so dismal," replied Emily, self-reproachfully. "Now I should be too happy to be allowed to keep them."

"So all things go by comparison," answered Mrs. Hastings. "I have heard it said that the man who is sentenced to be hung would esteem it quite a luxury to be shot."

The widow herself became very sad that evening, as indeed she often did, though she usually suppressed all manifestations of her dejection. She had had such hopes that they were to get along and to have dear Roxy with them; and now to find themselves still on the down-hill road was melancholy enough.

Late in the evening Mr. Charles Lee came and introduced himself, awkwardly enough, but with a radiant, sunshiny countenance and a laughing voice, which somehow awakened a great amount of undefined hope in the hearts of the two ladies, even before his errand was known.

"My name is Lee, madam," he said. "I came from Mr. Rooke's, where I saw your daughter, and I—I promised her that I would call and see you."

"You are very kind. How is Roxy? Did she write? How does she look?"

The anxious mother spoke quickly, and Charley, smiling at her impatience, replied:

"She is well; she did not write; and, as to her looks, she is so handsome that any mother might be proud of her."

"Dear child! How glad I am to hear of her. Did she send any message, sir?"

"No, ma'am, but I believe she expects you to come or send for her within a fortnight, and that she is to give hereafter with you."

"She expects this!" said the mother, looking with a sad and surprised air at Emily. "How can she, after what we wrote? A long and expensive journey, too. It is very strange!"

"To lessen your surprise then, madam, or perhaps to increase it, I will tell you that Miss Roxiana rendered me a most timely and important service, which I beg to assure you has made me greatly her debtor."

"Roxiana! How was this possible?"

"No matter, she did it, and it is to requite, in part, in a very small part, this favour that I am here to-night."

The widow and her daughter were listening with almost breathless eagerness.

"She, or rather her uncle, told me of your—your slight temporary embarrassment—"

"Do not be afraid to speak plainly, Mr. Lee," said the widow. "Our embarrassment can hardly be called slight or temporary, say rather our deep and utter poverty."

"Mother!"

"No matter. I am here to help you, and thus discharge a portion of my debts to Miss Roxy. You will not object to receive at my hands what is thus so justly due to you?"

Mr. Lee took out his pocket-book as he spoke, and the mother replied:

"I know not how to answer you. It is but a disguised charity—kindly disguised, I confess, and could not permanently alter our condition. We have given up our home, and shall remove to-morrow to humbler quarters. If it would not wound your generous feelings, sir, I must say that I prefer the little independence which health and industry enable us to earn."

"Right, mother!" said the low voice of Emily.

"But I assure you," replied Charley, "that it is not a charity. I actually owe all, and far more than I have to offer you to-day, to your daughter. Besides, it will permanently improve your condition, for it will enable you to retain your present home, and to have your loved daughter Roxiana with you."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the mother, who had expected but the offer of a small gratuity.

"I have only a hundred pounds to spare to-day, but as soon as your youngest daughter comes to you I shall send her a much larger sum, and hereafter probably still more, according to my own circumstances."

"Really, sir, this is something most wonderful, and I dare not decline your bounty. Nay, let me say that I accept it most gladly and gratefully."

"Don't call it bounty, madam," said Charley, delighted with his success, and rapidly taking out his purse. "It's debt, debt, debt. Don't you think there are any debts but such as the law recognizes, and could enforce? I consider this as binding upon my conscience as if it could be collected of me by execution. Exactly! exactly!"

He had counted out the money by this time, and placed it in the widow's hands, and he then added:

"I have no more time to spare now, but before I go I want to tell you that your daughter expects you to come or send for her."

"I will go immediately, or Emily shall."

"She is unhappy at her uncle's, and you cannot take her away too soon."

"Nor can we get her here too soon, Mr. Lee. Oh, how happy you have made us. And we shall stay here too. Emily will not lose her scholars."

The tears were coming, and Mr. Lee snatched his hat, and shaking hands with the ladies, hurried off, and left them to the undisturbed contemplation of their new joy.

The next day, at noon, he was in London, drawing nigh his own home in a state of great excitement, which he with difficulty subdued far enough to admit of a placid demeanour.

(To be continued.)

EXTRAORDINARY ARRIVAL.—A short time since a valuable collection of rare animals arrived at Liverpool by the steamship Cumberland. The collection consists of two fine elephants, male and female, "The Emperor," and "Empress of Russia," which formerly were the property of the Czar of Russia. "The Emperor" is 13 ft. 6 in. in height, weighs ten tons, and is a well-proportioned animal. He is said to be the largest elephant ever exhibited in England, and from his performances appears to have been highly trained, having, amongst other accomplishments, a good knowledge of the German language. The "Empress" is ten feet in height, and weighs about six tons. She has a taste for music, and plays the whistle, horn, and German flute, dancing in anything but a clumsy manner to the tune of the latter instrument. These are not the only rarities which have been brought to England by the Cumberland. The collection includes two camels, one entirely

white, stated to be the only animal of the kind in this country. There are also a couple of zebras, one a new species, being only striped round the neck and feet; a Bengal tiger, which is as docile as a kitten, submitting to the caresses of the visitors without displaying the slightest signs of ferocity; a thoroughbred Barbary lion, remarkably tame; a blue-nosed gorilla, and a very valuable collection of monkeys, including seventy different species. Two crocodiles are in a healthy condition, and the whole of the stock have been transported without a single accident. During the voyage the "Emperor" had to be supported in rough weather by a temporary scaffolding, but he appears to be none the worse for his journey. The collection was disembarked at the Prince's Landing-stage and conveyed to Newington. They are the property of Mr. William Cross, naturalist, Liverpool, and Mr. Rice, naturalist, London, and are valued at 7,000*l*. The arrangements have been entrusted to Mr. William Simpson, Liverpool.

STATISTICS.

EXPORT OF COAL.—The following is a return of the quantity of coal exported from the port of Grimsby in September, 1867:—to Belgium, 1,405 tons; to Brazil, 365 tons; to Denmark, 3,159 tons; to France, 4,569 tons; to the Hanseatic Towns, 1,051 tons; to Holland, 613 tons; to Italy, 441 tons; to Norway, 1,957 tons; to Prussia, 3,533 tons; to Russia, 5,861 tons; to Sardinia, 321 tons; to Spain, 354 tons; to Sweden, 794 tons; total foreign, 24,323 tons; corresponding period, 1866, 16,832 tons. Coastwise, 2,868 tons; corresponding period, 1866, 2,868 tons. Grand total, foreign and coastwise, 27,191 tons; corresponding period, 1866, 19,700 tons. Increase, 1867, 7,491 tons.

WHEAT IMPORTS.—The largest wheat imports which were ever known to have taken place into the United Kingdom in any one year were effected in 1862. In 1862, no less than 41,033,503 cwt. were received, but in 1863 the total sank to 24,364,171 cwt.; in 1864 to 23,196,714 cwt.; and in 1865 to 20,962,963 cwt. Last year it recovered to 23,156,329 cwt. In the ten years preceding 1862 the wheat imports of each year were as follows:—1852, 12,261,161 cwt.; 1853, 21,300,197 cwt.; 1854, 14,868,650 cwt.; 1855, 11,560,042 cwt.; 1856, 17,648,943 cwt.; 1857, 14,897,814 cwt.; 1858, 18,380,782 cwt.; 1859, 17,337,329 cwt.; 1860, 25,484,151 cwt.; and in 1861, 29,955,582 cwt. The largest imports of Russian wheat were effected in 1866, when they attained the very considerable total of 8,937,199 cwt. The largest deliveries of wheat from Prussia were witnessed in 1862, 6,285,431 cwt. coming to hand from that quarter in that year. The maximum imports from France took place in 1859, when we received 4,752,245 cwt. of French wheat. Egyptian wheat was received to the greatest extent in 1862, when we obtained 3,289,156 cwt. from the land of the Pharaohs. British America sent us 3,732,959 cwt. of wheat in 1862, a total in excess of any year's figures either before or since. The United States made their largest wheat deliveries to Great Britain in 1862, when they sent us the vast quantity of 16,140,670 cwt., the total falling to 8,704,401 cwt. in 1863, 7,895,015 cwt. in 1864, 1,177,618 cwt. in 1865, and 635,239 cwt. in 1866.

MOVEMENT OF GOLD.—The imports of gold into the United Kingdom in August amounted to 1,885,226*l*, as compared with 2,337,466*l*. in August, 1866, and 1,079,638*l*. in August, 1865; and for the eight months ending August 31st this year to 10,549,991*l*, as compared with 18,063,507*l*. in the first eight months of 1866, and 8,876,597*l*. in the first eight months of 1865. The receipts of gold from France to August 31st this year were 373,346*l*, as compared with 2,403,449*l*. to the corresponding date of 1866, and 285,043*l*. to the corresponding date of 1865. The imports of Australian gold in the first eight months of this year amounted to 3,277,613*l*, as compared with 3,952,594*l*. in 1866, and 1,916,676*l*. in 1865 (corresponding periods). From Mexico, South America (Brazil excepted), and the West Indies the receipts of gold to August 31st this year were 1,357,939*l*, as compared with 1,236,413*l*. to the corresponding date of 1866, and 1,869,709*l*. to the corresponding date of 1865. The imports of gold from the United States to August 31st this year were valued at 4,428,028*l*, as compared with 7,824,201*l*. to the corresponding date of 1866, and 3,041,623*l*. to the corresponding date of 1865. The exports of gold from the United Kingdom in August were valued at 611,831*l*, as compared with 1,201,003*l*. in August, 1866, and 593,655*l*. in August, 1865; and for the eight months ending August 31st this year at 4,599,745*l*. as compared with 10,983,321*l*. to the corresponding date of 1866, and 4,873,867*l*. to

the corresponding date of 1865. France, as usual took the largest share of our gold exports this year, a total of 3,486,910*l*. having gone to that empire to August 31st this year, as compared with 7,927,047*l*. to the corresponding date of 1866, and 2,210,424*l*. to the corresponding date of 1865.

MUSHROOMS IN THE EAR.

IN a paper addressed to the Academy of Sciences, Dr. Ch. Robin described two new kinds of mushroom, of the *Aspergillus* genus, growing on the membrane of the tympanum. This parasitical vegetation he had observed in ten patients, four of whom had it in both ears; and in all cases it existed independently of any other morbid affection.

Each of these auricular mushrooms presents the chief botanical characteristics of *Aspergillus glaucus*; but as they differ in the colour of their organs of fructification, Dr. Robin calls one *Aspergillus floescens*, and the other *Aspergillus nigriscus*. They form a pseudo-membrane, covering that of the tympanum; so that if the former be extracted entire it will be found to have the exact shape of the latter. The pseudo-membrane has a felty consistency; it is white, glossy, and covered here and there with spores of a brownish yellow (*A. floescens*) or black (*A. nigriscus*).

The most curious circumstance, however, is this, that the parasitical vegetation does not take place on the outer surface of the membrane, but on the inner one, that which is in contact with the tympanum, so that the mushroom tends to pierce the substance of the ear.

Dr. Robin wished to see whether these *Aspergilli* could vegetate elsewhere than on the human body; he therefore tried several kinds of fruit, and found that lemon and orange would answer his purpose best. The *Aspergilli* took to them very easily, but their transfer from an animal to a vegetable soil caused them at once to be both changed into *A. glaucus*. The growth of these parasites in the human ear constitutes a very obstinate malady, for which Dr. Robin prescribes highly diluted solutions of hypochloride of lime or of arsenite of potash, which at once destroys the *Aspergillus* cells. Phenyl and tannic acids do not destroy the cells, but mummify the pseudo-membrane in a very remarkable manner.

THE swallows crossed the Rhine this summer before the end of September, a sure sign of an early, if not of a severe winter.

THE Marquis of Westminster has munificently presented a public park to the city of Chester. This splendid gift was handed over without pomp, ceremonial, or parade to the Chester City Council.

A GOOD MEMORY.—When Van Amburgh's show was in Burlington, United States, parading through the streets, the old elephant Tippee Saib refused to venture on the Main Street Bridge—no persuasion could induce him to cross. The animal fell through this bridge some ten years ago while attempting to cross it, and he is supposed to have remembered it.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CONTEST.—Isaac Reynolds and William Quillins, both without legs, and accomplishing locomotion with their arms, had lately a one-mile race in Cincinnati for a purse of 1,000 dols. Reynolds weighs 105 and Quillins 120 pounds. The race was won by Reynolds, in eleven minutes fifteen seconds. A moderately large crowd witnessed the singular contest.

A SHAKESPEARIAN DISCOVERY.—The discovery is announced (in the library of Sir Charles Isham, at Lamporn, in Northamptonshire) of a beautiful and thoroughly perfect copy of Shakespeare's "Passionate Pilgrim," issued surreptitiously under the name of the great poet in 1599. The only copy of this tract hitherto known is that preserved in the Capell collection at Cambridge, where it has for long been considered one of the choicest rarities in the library of Trinity College. The new copy was bound up with an edition of the "Venus and Adonis."

A POPULAR ERROR.—The ordinary idea that sixty minutes make an hour will not hold good in all countries. At the period of the summer solstice in Rome the day is fifteen hours and sixteen minutes in length, and each hour of the day is really seventy-five minutes long. The night on the other hand, is actually eight hours and fifty-four minutes long, and each hour consists of forty-four minutes. This is difficult of comprehension to those only who are ignorant of the Italian method of computation of time in the convents in and about Rome, where the old ecclesiastical fashion survives of dividing the day, from dawn to dewy eve, or dark, into twelve equal parts, and subjecting the night, from dark to dawn, to the same division. This method is cumbersome, blundering, varying and inconvenient



[ELIAS HOWE, INVENTOR OF THE SEWING-MACHINE.]

ELIAS HOWE.

The lives of inventors bear a great similarity to each other. The trials and struggles which they have to undergo in endeavouring to prove to obstinate and short-sighted tradesmen the advantages to be obtained from assisting them to bring their ideas into practice are the same in nearly every instance, and that of Elias Howe is no exception to the rule, except, perhaps, that in the end he was fortunate enough himself to reap a great benefit from his invention.

Born in 1819, at Spencer, in Massachusetts, United States of America, Elias Howe was the son of a miller and farmer of that State. At an early age he showed considerable taste for mechanical pursuits, and in 1835 he obtained work in a machine shop at Lowell, where he remained until the panic of 1837 threw him, with thousands of others, out of employment. Shortly afterwards, however, he obtained work at a shop in Cambridge, where was also his cousin, Nathaniel P. Banks, afterwards Governor of Massachusetts and Speaker of the House of Representatives.

From here he went to Boston, and while in that city he conceived the idea of a sewing-machine. At that time he was married and had a young family, and, according to his own words, it was the pain he felt at seeing his wife work so hard to make and mend clothes that first gave him that happy idea which was afterwards to make his fortune. Although employed all day at his trade, he spent his leisure time in developing his idea and reducing it from theory to practice, and at last in 1841 he completed his first model, for which he had a patent granted to him.

Now came his great difficulty—to bring his pa-

tent into public use. Of course the tailors opposed it in every way, as likely to injure their trade. Finding so much discouragement in his own country, he came to England, where he also took out a patent, but only to meet with a similar reception. Discouraged and literally penniless, poor Howe sold the English patent to a staymaker named Thomas, of London, for 250*l.*, who, although he employed it successfully in his own business, did not do a great deal towards making the machine public. Mr. Howe, thoroughly disgusted with his ill luck, returned to America, and found in his absence that a wealthy company had started for the manufacture of his machine, which they were selling in large numbers. This open and daring piracy was too much for even the enduring Elias Howe to bear quietly. Fortunately obtaining the support of some capitalists, he asserted his rights, and we are happy to find obtained them, gaining at last the well-deserved reward of talent, industry, and perseverance—wealth. At first his yearly revenue was but small, in a short time however it increased to 175,000 *dols.* per annum, and it is calculated that up to the time of the expiration of the patent he had received no less than 2,000,000 *dols.* It is a somewhat strange coincidence that in the present year, in which the patent expired, the death of the inventor should also be recorded. He died at his residence in Brooklyn, New York, on October 3rd.

In addition to his powers as an inventor, he does not appear to have been at all devoid of military ardour, for during the late civil war he assumed the uniform of a private soldier, refusing a commission, and served in the ranks. On several occasions, when the paymasters were unable to reach his regiment, he furnished the necessary funds to pay the men.

Since Howe's invention became known numerous

improvements have been made in the construction of his machine, and numbers of patents have been taken out for others. Of course the new invention soon became as popular in England as in the New World, and, notwithstanding the ominous warnings of steady-going, old-fashioned tailors, dressmakers, and others that the work done by these machines was weak and botchy, at least one half, if not more, of the various articles of clothing manufactured in this great city are chiefly done by its aid, and the very persons who at first were most opposed to its introduction are now the most assiduous in its praise. Like all new inventions, it has had to encounter abuse on all sides; but it has stood nobly against the ignorant prejudice that opposed it, and has surmounted every difficulty.

Not a single article of clothing is there, except perhaps hats and bonnets, which cannot be made by these machines. Even in boot-making are they employed, while for double stitching, hemming, quilting, and embroidering no hand work is anything equal to that done by machines. In the Exhibition of 1862 a very large number of sewing-machines were exhibited by different makers, and at the Paris Exhibition recently closed they formed a most important article of manufacture. The boot-sewing machine was also the invention of an American named Blake, and works with such astonishing rapidity that during the war in the United States no less than 150 pairs of soles were sewn on army boots in one day by one machine. There are now, also, a number of special machines, large and small, according to the purposes for which they are intended, some being used for the upper-leathers of boots, others for gloves, and others for embroidery.

Sewing-machines are made chiefly in America, England, and France, and thence are exported to all parts of the globe, but in England and America they are used perhaps more extensively than anywhere; some of our large city houses employ a very large number of girls to work machines.

One advantage has certainly attended this invention, it has given us an additional employment for women, and one which is neither difficult nor expensive to learn, while it enables tradesmen to produce cheap clothing without working their employes to that fearful extent which gave Hood the notion of his celebrated "Song of the Shirt."

SWEET ROSES YANGLED.

CHAPTER LXII.

ROSA continued:

"Forgive me, but my heart is very sore. You can scarcely understand my feelings, father. Ah! it is a humiliating and wretched thought that I can never bestow upon you that precious title except when we are alone—that I must stifle the natural feelings of my heart because a jealous eye is ever watching us. How long do you think we can live in so painful and unnatural a position towards each other?"

"If I had not betrayed myself, we could have done so easily enough," he sadly replied. "I had arranged it all in my own mind. After Opal's marriage you would have fallen naturally into her place. I could have found a lover worthy of you, and I should have found means to provide such a dowry for you as would have been suitable to your actual position. But now all is changed, and I see plainly that it is for you to dictate what your future course shall be. State your wishes, and so far as I can I will carry them out."

"I have but one wish on earth," she impetuously exclaimed, "and you will think me mad when I express it; but I will do it regardless of consequences. I was the first choice of Mr. Godfrey Fenton's heart; he loved me—I am sure he did; and I—oh, I loved him to that degree that I shall perish at your feet if you persist in making Opal his wife! She cares nothing for him—you know that as well as I do; and he is marrying her only for the fortune that will be hers. Make me rich enough to become his bride; break off the match that is in progress, and bring him back to his first allegiance. This is what I ask you to do—what must be done if you would save both your children from utter misery."

Mr. Hastings listened to this wild demand with a helpless feeling of bewilderment. He presently faltered:

"But that is impossible, Rosa. I have no power to do what you ask. Mr. Fenton would never consent to such an exchange, and—and the fortune I hope to endow you with must be saved from my own allowance from my wife. She is very liberal, and the control I have over her large income will enable me in a few years to speculate and increase the small sum I can at present command. Besides, Mrs. Markland would never consent to it. Her heart is fixed on the union of her son with Opal."

"What does her consent signify?" she defiantly asked.

"It signifies so much that I dare not provoke her by proposing so wild a scheme as this. For years she has known the history of my connexion with your mother. A cousin of hers gave her all the details, and Mrs. Markland has held them in terror over me, threatening to reveal the whole story to my wife if I refused my consent to the union of her son with Opal."

"You are very weak to submit to such thralldom. What if she had told Mrs. Hastings?"

"I can easily answer that. A separation would have ensued, for Mrs. Hastings is almost insane on one subject. If she suspected that she was not my first love, that I had lived with another woman claiming her as my wife before I met her, she would leave me. That is why I submitted—why I have permitted this marriage to be hurried on before Opal is really old enough to become a bride. My dear Rosa, recall your heart from the betrothed of your sister; forget the mad dream that has bewildered you, and trust your future to me. It shall be bright; I promise you it shall."

Rosa burst into an hysterical passion of tears, and, with sobs of anguish, cried out:

"I cannot—I cannot! I love him—I love him, and he knows it. I have told him so since I have been here. That evening on the lake I spoke such words to Mr. Godfrey as he will never forget while life lasts. Send me away from here. I cannot live and see him give himself to another! Let me go, I care not whither, so I escape seeing him bestow his hand upon my rival. I cannot answer for myself. I might do something dreadful to Opal, and she has been good to me since I came here."

In extreme perturbation Mr. Hastings reflected a few moments, and then sadly said:

"It will be best, perhaps. Since it is your wish, I will send you back, and your allowance shall be liberal enough to enable you to live as my daughter should. Mrs. Somers will consent to receive you, I am sure; or, if you prefer it, you can return to Mrs. Lyne, and remain with her as a boarder. My care must still be over you, Rosa, wherever you may go."

"Yes, you must provide for me suitably, I understand that. Oh, father, is it impossible to give me back my love—my life? Opal's heart is not in this marriage; she will rejoice if it be broken off."

"It will not be broken off, Rosa. It is too late for that. Make up your mind to what is inevitable, for a few more weeks will find your sister Mr. Fenton's wife. If it were possible to arrest the hand of fate, I would do so for your sake, but I cannot. You must submit to be guided by me, and I will do the best I can for your happiness and welfare."

The excitement of the interview had exhausted Rosa's strength, and she sank back half fainting. Her father brought water from the sideboard in the hall, and bathed her hands and face; but he did not summon a servant to her assistance, lest the story of their long interview should be repeated to his jealous wife.

Finally, lifting her in his strong arms, he carried her to her room and placed her on the bed. Kissing her tenderly, he left her to such repose as she could find after the stormy emotions that had lately filled her heart, and returned to pace the library and think almost with madness of that one act in his early life which clouded his days and filled his heart with remorse, for, weak as he was, Mr. Hastings was not altogether a bad man.

CHAPTER LXIII.

WHILE Rosa lay almost in the agonies of death a telegram from Newport reached Mr. Godfrey Fenton, which made him feel for a season as if he would do what Job's comforters tempted him to in vain—"curse heaven and die."

The paper only bore these words:

"Mr. Horton's will is found, and is in the possession of Miss Lopez."

After all, Inez would regain her inheritance, and he was bound to another! But for the opportune illness of Rosa Gordon he would, by this time, have been the husband of Opal. Was his honour too deeply pledged to his latest love to enable him to break through such impediments as he had himself created to perfect freedom of action?

In Mr. Fenton's pursuit of his rival the passion he felt for Inez had lost much of its ardour, but in the first moment of learning that she would regain her fortune he felt that Inez was the true choice of his heart, that the emotions Opal elicited were born of vanity and a desire of success with so lovely and so reticent a creature as he had found her to be.

In the rebound of his feelings all his old love for Inez revived in full force; and when a letter came from her, informing him of the death of her father and the certainty that the estate would soon pass into her

possession, Mr. Fenton prepared himself for a final contest with his mother.

He had not much hope of success; but he had resolved to make a last effort to disenthral himself, if possible, from the bondage in which Mrs. Markland held him. After Dora and Jennie had set out for school the next morning he sought his mother in her usual sitting-room and abruptly said:

"I have something to show you, mother, which is of deep interest to me. Here is a letter from Miss Lopez informing me that she has recovered her inheritance. I wish you to read it, for I think you will be touched by her artless expression of confidence in me—of affection for one who has proved himself so unworthy to have won her love as I am."

Mrs. Markland coldly put aside the offered letter and icily said:

"I can only feel surprised to hear that Miss Lopez has written to you at all. If she had the true pride that a lady should possess, she would never seek to enter a family which she must be aware has already repudiated her alliance. The recovery of her fortune can make no difference to you, for you are in honour bound to fulfil your pledge to Opal."

"But, mother, I love Inez far the best; and Opal will not break her heart over my desertion, as I am afraid the other will. Besides, Inez will have great wealth entirely at her own disposal. If I gain that by my marriage, you need not care particularly which one is the bride elect."

"But I do care very much. It is my most ardent desire to claim Opal Hastings as my daughter, and I refuse to see Miss Lopez as such. Godfrey, if I thought you would be so false, so dishonoured, as to break the tie you have formed for yourself, and that, too, on the very eve of your marriage, I would never speak to you again; I would no longer acknowledge you as my son. Have you no love for Opal that you can speak so coolly of giving her up? Think of all her beauty and sweetness—how tender her heart is, how gentle her disposition. She will make a model wife. The other would never be the yielding and submissive one that you will require. With your imperious temper, I am quite sure you will find more happiness with Opal than with her rival."

Divided as his feelings were, Mr. Fenton listened to these arguments more calmly than his mother had hoped. He listlessly said:

"Perhaps you are right, madam, and—and—to tell you the truth, I hardly know which one I prefer. I was thinking more of Inez than of myself when I came here to appeal to you. She will suffer dreadfully when she becomes aware of my inconstancy. I really think that it will be better for all concerned for me to get out of this entanglement with the Hastings family, and give my hand to her who has the best right to it. I am bound in honour to both these girls; one adores me—the other accepts me because it is the will of others that she shall do so. I feel sure that Opal will gladly release me if I make an appeal to her, and I will do so if you will consent."

Mrs. Markland was quick to remark the difference in his manner of pleading now from that he had used but a few weeks before when he had entreated her to receive Inez as his wife. She had little faith in the depth or endurance of such love as Mr. Fenton had to give, and she was only more firmly determined that the bride she had chosen for him should be forced on his acceptance. She coldly replied:

"With my consent no such appeal shall be made to your betrothed. Of course she would reply by releasing you, for no other course would be possible to a refined and sensitive girl like Opal. You have ardently pursued her, for I have watched you through your wooing, and, after professing such earnest love as you have offered her, with what face can you turn round and tell her that it was all deception? No, Godfrey; it is too late to recede now, and I feel assured that your heart is in the marriage that has been arranged for you, although you would persuade me that you still waver between the two you admire. Write to Miss Lopez and tell her the plain truth, or I shall do it for you."

"Mother," said Mr. Fenton, very gravely, "something tells me that I had better take the other course, that it will be safer for me to do so."

"Safer? Do you think the jealousy of that Spanish girl will lead her to strike you to the heart? Absurd, my dear Godfrey! do not obscure your usual clear judgment with such ridiculous apprehensions."

"I scarcely know what I apprehend—certainly no personal injury from Inez, for she is incapable of inflicting it on anyone; but I cannot put aside a presentiment that something dreadful will follow my union with Opal—I am haunted by it as by a shadow of evil."

Mrs. Markland scornfully asked:

"How long is it since this prophetic spirit descended upon you? and why should it foreshadow evil? In your position I should have only the most brilliant anticipations. You are betrothed to the most charm-

ing of girls; you will have a liberal income secured to you, with the certainty of possessing great wealth at some future day; yet you talk in this lugubrious strain about presentiments. Do not give me cause to blush for your imbecility and vacillation, Godfrey."

Mr. Fenton yielded to his mother's influence, as he always did, and, with a sigh, said:

"You refuse then to read what Inez says? Her letter might touch you, for it deeply moved me."

"Give it to me!"

And Mrs. Markland held out her hand. With a sudden bound of hope, Mr. Fenton placed before her the lines Inez had so confidently written; but, in place of reading them, his mother dropped the letter into the fire, and, as it flashed into a blaze, she decisively said:

"I will not read it, nor shall you do so again. What good could it do, when your destiny is positively settled? The first ardour of your fancy for that girl has passed away, and I will not permit you to sacrifice Opal to her. Leave to me the settlement of this difficulty. I will write to Miss Lopez at once and put an end to such delusions as she may cherish."

"I entreat that you will not do that, mother. If I must give Inez up, I will write to her myself and, as gently as I can, inform her of what is about to happen here. I could have been very happy with her I know, but I cannot estrange you for ever from me by disappointing you in the hope you have so long cherished. After all, Opal may, as you say, suit me best as a wife—she will not be apt to be jealous when I indulge in my besetting sin of flirting with every pretty woman I meet."

Thus, coolly and selfishly, was a question settled which involved not only the happiness of two human beings, but which far more deeply concerned himself, if Mr. Fenton had only known it; but the dark curtain that conceals futurity allowed no glimpse of the risk he was incurring to penetrate its folds, unless his vague presentiments of evil were smitten as a warning from the spirit-land.

Mr. Fenton did not much regard the destruction of the letter—the sight of Inez's writing no longer thrilled his soul with passionate joy as it once had done, and the scenes in which they had acted together seemed faded and dim beside the new excitement he had found in trying to win some proof of love from the shy and reserved Opal.

The one of whose affection he was assured sank into insignificance beside the fair rival who, as yet, had given him no cause to believe that he had made himself master of her heart. The advantages of either marriage were so equally balanced that Mr. Fenton could afford to choose between them; and he decided to keep on good terms with his mother and give the world in which he lived no opportunity to gossip about his ill-treatment of Miss Hastings.

Inez was far away—he could settle the whole difficulty without meeting her face to face, and very few near him would be aware that such an entanglement had ever existed. So the assurance Mrs. Markland so eagerly desired to gain was given, and he promised to write the truth at once.

But Mr. Fenton deferred this dreaded task from day to day—loath to strike the last blow to her trusting heart till it became absolutely necessary to do so.

The time in which Rosa lay struggling back to life was passed by him in a state of painful uncertainty as to whether it would be best to write at all, or suffer Inez to infer his inconstancy from his silence.

A severe shock was given him by the arrival of another letter from her, in which she informed him that she was on the eve of setting out for his residence in compliance with the dying command of her father.

What was now to be done? Inez was already on her way; she might arrive any day, and after his first perturbation subsided Mr. Fenton hurried to his mother, and advised with her as to what should be done. With indignant surprise, Mrs. Markland listened to what he had to tell, and exclaimed:

"I never heard of anything so indelicate in my life. The girl has actually followed you, thinking that she would leave you no alternative but to marry her. If I had before been willing that she should become your wife, this step would have disgusted me to that degree that I should have withdrawn my consent. I shall certainly give her to understand what my opinion of such conduct is."

"You will have no occasion to come in contact with her at all, mother; and—and I really do not think that you should judge Inez so harshly. She is but a young girl, quite ignorant of life, and her father's dying wish had all the sacredness of a command to her. I only wish that I could meet her as my heart prompts, and marry her as soon as possible. In spite of all that you say about honour, I feel that I am bound to her by that more than to Opal."

"Godfrey, it is enough to provoke a saint to wit-

ness the fluctuation of your feelings. Yesterday you were jealous of Mr. Denham because he called at Silvermere and Opal changed colour when he came in, and to-day you are ready to give her up to him and go back to your old love. It is shameful for any man to vacillate so. Your choice has been made, and you must abide by it."

The mention of Mr. Denham's name produced the effect Mrs. Markland had intended. Mr. Fenton disliked him, and he felt certain that in taking Opal from him he had repaid all the early heart-burnings that had arisen between them.

In their boyish contests Mr. Denham had nearly always come off conqueror; but in this one most vital to his happiness Mr. Fenton had proved the victor, and he would not resign that which he knew was so dearly prized, so ardently coveted, by his rival. So he meekly said:

"I am quite satisfied with my last choice, madam; but I have come to you to consult as to what is to be done with reference to Miss Lopez. I cannot see her—I dare not; but someone must meet her on her arrival, and inform her of the state of affairs here."

"I will go myself, if that be all; and I think that I shall give this imprudent young lady some advice that will be useful to her."

Mr. Fenton shrank from this proposal. The blow would be severe enough, let it fall as lightly as it might; and his mother was the last one he would have been willing to allow the privilege of dealing it. He hastily replied:

"That would never do, mother. With my consent, you and Inez shall not meet at all. There is no need that you should trouble yourself about her. Anna knows her very well, and they like each other. I will ask her to meet Inez, and take her to her house to explain to her there all that is necessary to be told."

"Very well. I am not anxious to take this awkward affair on myself if it can be avoided. Anna will do anything to serve you, though she cares very little for me. You may ask her to stand your friend, and Guy may console himself for the loss of Opal and her thousands by making love to your former divinity."

Mr. Fenton was now really angry, and, with flashing eyes, he said:

"She will never listen to him. False as I have proved myself, Inez will never give her hand to any other man."

"Then she is different from all other women," sneered his mother. "Don't play the part of the dog in the manger, Godfrey. You cannot marry both these girls, and if Guy can secure so great an heiress as you assert Miss Lopez to be, it will be a good thing for him."

"Perhaps it will, madam," replied Mr. Fenton, more calmly. "I will go over to Ashwood this morning and place my dilemma before Anna. She has been very cool to me of late, but I do not think she will refuse me this favour, for the sake of Inez herself."

He rang the bell, ordered his horse to be brought around, and was soon speeding away on his errand.

CHAPTER LXIV.

MRS. LANGLEY'S house was but two miles distant. It was a pretty Norman French cottage, situated amid highly cultivated grounds, and Mr. Fenton found the mistress of the place in hat and shawl.

Mrs. Langley greeted him with some surprise. "This is the first call you have honoured me with since your return, Godfrey, and I am curious to learn what has brought you to see me at last."

Mr. Fenton dismounted, threw the bridle of his horse to one of the boys, and walked towards the house with her as he replied:

"I come to you as a petitioner, Anna. But you should not reproach me for not calling upon you, after the hard words you spoke to me the day we met at Silvermere. I scarcely thought I should be welcome."

"You know better than that. When I have said my say I don't bear malice; and I have been used to excuse your shortcomings that, after my wrath was spent, I was almost sorry that I had said so much. I cannot blame you very severely for being attracted by Opal when there are so many reasons why you should be anxious to marry her. I was only unhappy about my brother, for you know how long he has loved her."

"It is unfortunate that Guy should have done so, but I am not responsible for that. He had the field open to himself when I was away, but I found Opal's heart open to the impression I have endeavoured to make upon it. Our union is settled beyond a doubt, and I have come to you in the greatest perplexity as to what is to be done to warn Inez of the event that is so soon to take place."

"Inez? Is it possible that you have not broken with her before this? Do you come here and ask me to write and inform her of your approaching marriage?"

"Ah! if a letter only were the question I could easily dispatch that myself. But Inez is on her way here now; she may be here in a few more days, and I wish you to meet her there; bring her home with you, and, as tenderly as possible, tell her that all is at an end between us."

Mrs. Langley looked very much displeased. She frigidly replied:

"It is asking a great deal of me; it is hardly fair for you to put on me this painful revelation. I was much interested in Miss Lopez, and under different circumstances I should be most happy to receive her as my guest; but if she is to come to me half broken-hearted by your desertion, I had rather suffer the task of consoling her to devolve on some other person."

"You will not refuse me this important favour, Anna?" he earnestly entreated. "I know it is asking a great deal, but if you have any sympathy for this poor girl I beg that you will show it now. She will need a friend to counsel and protect her, that the world may be led to believe that she came to visit you. What her father was thinking of when he commanded her to come hither alone I cannot imagine."

"It is a strange thing for her to do; but why does not Mr. Lopez accompany her himself?"

"Why? Oh, I forgot that you know nothing of the late occurrences in her home. Her father is dead, the will has been found, and Inez is a great heiress after all."

Mrs. Langley listened with eager interest, and she quickly exclaimed:

"Is it possible that the last is true, and yet you linger near Opal? I begin to believe that she has really bewitched you, in spite of your devotion to her rival last summer."

Mr. Fenton gravely replied:

"Why should you doubt that I have discovered what is best for my own happiness? I told you my marriage with Opal is settled, and I am quite satisfied with the arrangement. I ask you, as my best and earliest friend, to aid me in the painful dilemma in which I find myself placed. Inez expects me to meet her, but you must see that it is quite out of the question for me to do so. Dear Anna, I entreat by our old friendship that you will go and await her arrival at the hotel. You can tell her there, or bring her here, as you may think best; of course I cannot dictate to you what guests you shall receive, but I think I have some claim on you for the service I ask."

Mrs. Langley sighed, and, regarding him steadily, said:

"Men are inconstant ever," but I did think that you were in earnest with this poor girl. Are you sure, Godfrey, that Opal has won all your heart from Inez? It may not be too late to extricate you from your embarrassing position as the betrothed of two girls by giving a hint of the state of affairs to the one that is least interested in you. I believe that Opal would be glad to have freedom of action restored to her."

Mr. Fenton flushed, and half angrily said:

"I do not know why you should fancy that; but I am not going to release her. I requested you to become the medium of conveying to Miss Lopez my resignation of all pretensions to her hand, and you reply by hinting that the one I prefer to her will be glad to escape the necessity of marrying me. If it be so we are playing at a game of cross-purposes indeed."

"You have said it precisely, Godfrey. I cannot read your heart, nor fully understand hers, but I have the conviction in my own mind that neither you nor Opal are doing that which will secure your future happiness. I have not seen much of her of late, but when we have been together, her restlessness and assumed spirits showed me that she is not as happy as she should be in the prospect of the approaching change in her destiny."

Mr. Fenton was silent a few moments, and then abruptly said:

"It is too late to make any change in it now, at any rate. Have you decided what you will do with reference to my request?"

"Yes; but you need not feel grateful for my compliance. If I go to Inez, it will be for her own sake, that I may soften the blow that is about to fall on her. Poor girl! I pity her with my whole heart. But for you, Godfrey, fickle and reckless as you have shown yourself, I have no feeling of compassion. If you had manfully stood to your pledge to Inez, in spite of the uncertainty of her fortune, you would now have been blessed with a faithful and affectionate wife, who would have bestowed on you as much as you can gain by a union Opal. Do not deny the existence of interested motives to me, God-

frey, because I know they first led you to Opal's feet. You may like her in a feeble sort of way, but you loved the other—I know that you did!"

Mr. Fenton coldly and a little laughingly replied: "Yes, I loved her—it is well that you spoke in the past tense, for men like me do not long care for that which they have only to reach forth the hand to take. Had Inez been less devoted perhaps I should have proved more constant."

Mrs. Langley indignantly replied:

"That is enough, Mr. Fenton. All your egotism is clear to me now. I will meet Miss Lopez and bring her here, and it will not be my fault if she do not soon rejoice in the escape she has had from uniting her fate with that of a man who can speak as you have just done. I could not once have believed such a thing of you, Godfrey."

"Perhaps not; but I am not as good as a man as I was when a boy, Anna. I am sorry that you will quarrel with me for what I cannot help; but I can forgive your hard words in consideration of the service you have promised to render me. Since that is settled I will leave you to nurse your wrath alone, as I have another engagement this morning."

"Will you not come in? We are just at the door, and you may at least sit down for a few minutes."

"No, thank you. We have said all that is necessary, and I must go on my way. Good morning."

"But pray stop long enough to tell me how Miss Gordon is. She has been extremely ill, I hear."

"Yes—they thought she would die for several days; but she is recovering rapidly now."

"So much the worse for you. Are you not afraid of her?"

"Afraid? why, pray? Miss Gordon is nothing more to me than any other acquaintance."

"But you are much more to her, as you well know. She is as deep as the sea, and like it too in another respect, for she is capable of wrecking any strange craft that floats in her way bearing a flag hostile to her own interests. Are you not certain that Rosa Gordon loves you yet?"

The change in Mr. Fenton's face was so marked that it could not escape the penetrating eyes fixed upon him. He reluctantly asked:

"What reason have you for imagining such a thing? Rosa is aware of my approaching marriage, and she has shown no symptom of jealousy."

"Are you quite sincere in that assertion, Mr. Godfrey? What passed between you that day upon the lake, pray? and what sudden access of passion induced the young lady to throw herself into the water? I do not believe that she fell in accidentally."

"It is the truth nevertheless. The boat was very unsteady, and she imprudently arose as I was about to jump ashore; that was all, I declare to you. Rosa could not hope to drown herself with a strong swimmer to bring her out of the water; and even if she had been in a passion with me, she has too much sense to cool her anger in that way."

"It was an unlucky plunge for her, since it nearly proved her death. But I have an idea that it would have been better for you if you had let her drown herself—better for Mr. Hastings's family if Dr. Wiseman had permitted her to die."

"It was not his fault that she did not, for he gave her up and declared that no human skill could save her. Mr. Hastings watched beside her that night himself, and brought her back to life. He seems to be deeply interested in her."

"I wonder that his wife endures it, jealous as everyone knows her to be. I only hope that Mrs. Hastings will carry things with a high hand, and send the girl away before the wedding. I am really afraid for her to be there at that time."

"I think your apprehensions have no real foundation; but I must positively bid you good morning."

(To be continued.)

THE LONDON TRAFFIC ACT.—As this new law, which came into operation on the 1st November, makes special regulations as to the passage of materials and implements of engineers and builders through London, we extract that part of the enactment. It will be observed that special limits are alluded to, and many explain that the general limits mean that part of the metropolis enclosed in a circle of which the centre is Charing Cross, and the radii are four miles in a straight line from Charing Cross. The special limits are such streets or portions of streets advertised, with the consent of the Secretary of State, as may be declared to be special under the provisions of the Act. With those provisions the new Traffic Act limits that no person shall, within the said limits of the Act, and between the hours of ten in the morning and seven in the evening, except with the permission of the commissioner of police—1. Drive or conduct along any street any cart, carriage, or other vehicle laden with tin, iron, metal, or any

other article which exceeds in length 35 ft., or which protrudes more than 8 ft. 6 in. behind the vehicle or more than 1 ft. from the sides of the vehicle; 2. Carry in any way along any street any ladder, scaffold pole, or other article which exceeds 35 ft. in length or 8 ft. 6 in. in breadth; 3. Drive or conduct along any street any cart, wagon, or other vehicle used for conveying goods or merchandise, and drawn by more than four horses. Any person acting in contravention of this section shall for each offence be liable to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings. No penalty shall be imposed on or costs awarded against any person for acting in contravention of this section if such person prove to the satisfaction of the magistrate having power to impose the penalty that the act alleged to be in contravention of this section was done on the occasion of a fire or other sudden emergency with a view to prevent accident, or to save life or property. Any bye-law, rule, order, or regulation made or to be made within the city of London and the liberties thereof that is inconsistent with this section shall be void.

ISOLA.

CHAPTER I.

WITH the lightness and grace of a bird on the wing, a gondola cleft the limpid waters of the Giudecca, and, darting swiftly through hundreds of the same beautiful craft, gliding to the music of the gondoliers, swept up to the stairs of the Piazza San Marc; and, two gentlemen debarking from it, mingled with the motley throng which crowded the marble pavement of the square.

Threading their way through the gay multitude, they passed on to the church of San Marc.

They entered beneath the porch over which stand the four famed horses of Lysippus—once the pride of Constantinople, seeming as if curbed by some invisible power to restrain their fiery leap upon the rich pavement below—and ascended to the tower, from which they might command a view of the magnificent scene.

It was the sunset hour. Sunset in Venice, of which poets have sung, and painters, with pencils dipped, as it were, in the gorgeous beauty of the clouds, have attempted to portray.

The long sweep of the canals, and the broad lagunes, beat by their thousand oars, broke in golden flakes under the rich glow of sunset.

The "deep-dyed Brenta," with its walled palaces, the green trees of the Lido, and the wide Adriatic beyond, on which the white sails of countless galleys, like sea-gulls, dipped to the gentle breeze, the cloud-like shore of Italy afar, the Alpine mountains, a glorious base worthy the glorious heavens which they seemed to uplift, and then, below them, Venice herself, with her splendid palaces and towers, her glittering spires, and the graceful arch of her bridges, like chains of gold, linking these islands of the sea into one magnificent gem—all combined to render the scene too lovely for expression, and the two strangers—English—for some time stood speechless with its glorious beauty.

"Was there ever a scene more beautiful than this?" at length one of them exclaimed; "and yet it is impossible to view it, fair as it is, without a feeling of melancholy; for too surely has decay fastened upon this magnificent city, 'throned upon her hundred isles.' Her palaces, her churches, her superb towers and turrets are gradually crumbling into ruin, and, ere many years, *malaria*, with its poison drawn from her slimy canals and lagunes, will drive hence her inhabitants!"

"But

"With the Rialto, Shylock, and the Moore,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch! Though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore!"

replied his companion; "the memory of her Doges, her grave senators, her richly freighted argosies, oblivion may bury with the crumbling ruins around us, yet the genius of Shakespeare and Otway has rendered Venice imperishable. So long as the world exists Shylock and the Moor will here hold sway."

"Look yonder, Mr. Irving," continued the first speaker; "see what a glow rests on yonder Alps, which, even as we gaze, fades in beauty! So many pleasant memories crowd around this enchanted spot that we might linger here for hours, and still wish to look again. But we must not forget that we have promised to accompany Mary to the opera."

"True; and yet I would gladly tarry here and view this beautiful scene in the chastened moonlight. But I am ready; we shall soon reach our hotel."

So saying, the two gentlemen left the campanile, and, descending the flights of marble stairs, stood upon the rich mosaic pavement, which seemed but

a reflection of the brilliant roof above, for on both the fadeless hues of lapis lazuli, agate, and jasper, united the pictures of glittering mosaic.

Lost in contemplation, they proceeded through the aisles, so splendidly paved and canopied, adorned on either side with columns of porphyry, and were about to emerge once more upon the open square, when the attention of Mr. Charles Irving was arrested by the figure of an old man leaning against one of the pillars.

Although his cap held out before him denoted him to be a mendicant, yet there was an air of dignity about him which seemed to belie his vocation. Not Coriolanus, on the hearthstone of his enemy, wore a more noble look, as, with his cloak half falling from his shoulders, yet held in graceful folds over one arm, his silver locks, his furrowed brow, and his long white beard resting on his breast, he thus solicited charity.

Mr. Irving dropped a small coin into his cap, and passed on in silence.

By this time the square of San Marc was thronged with Venetians, Austrian soldiers, Turks, and Albanians, promenading the spacious area, or gathered about the brilliantly decorated *cafes*; while from the gondolas, which swept to the piazza to debark or receive their freights of beauty and pleasure, the song of the gondolier mingled with the notes of the guitar.

"Winthrop, did you observe that old man who just now demanded our charity?" said Mr. Irving.

"I did not. Beggars are so common here that the eyes of Argus would fail to detect them all," was the reply.

"This was no common beggar I am convinced. I know not why it is, but I cannot dismiss him from my thoughts. I fear I did wrong not to have spoken to him, or at least I should not have insulted his pride by the miserable dole of a ducat!"

"He was, perhaps, 'some lordly patrician begging his bitter bread!'" said Mr. Winthrop.

"I fear so," replied Mr. Irving. "Ah, who can tell the struggle of that old man's heart; the sufferings, mental and physical, he has endured, ere yielding to this galling necessity! Among those lofty palaces, where once, perhaps, his ancestors proudly ruled, he, their descendant, born to command, now stalks a beggar and an alien beneath their crumbling arches. I tell you, Winthrop, that Darius, chained to his victor's car, suffered no greater humiliation than the pride of a highborn, noble spirit thus subdued by poverty! I must once more seek the old man, and repair my error."

"Not to-night, Irving. See, here is our gondola; come, or we shall be late."

"Push off—don't wait for me; I will join you in half an hour, or meet you at the opera," he answered.

"No, Charles, if you are determined to go I will go with you. I have no idea of trusting you alone to the chance of a stiletto in your breast," said Mr. Winthrop.

"Nonsense, Winthrop; go home to Mary, who, I daresay, from our long absence, has been imagining us for the last half-hour victims to some 'Bandit of Venice.' I will soon be with you."

The suggestion that by longer delay he might cause undue anxiety to his young wife decided at once the argument. Mr. Winthrop sprang into the gondola, and, waving his hand to his friend, was borne swiftly over the thronged waters in the direction of the hotel.

CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Irving rapidly retraced his steps, and once more entered the church, whose vastness had now become more dim and solemn in the evening shadows which were gathering up her splendours in their stealthy arms. And there stood the old man still—his noble head bowed upon his breast, and his attitude one of deep mental misery. Although so urgent to relieve, yet Mr. Irving hesitated in what manner to make his presence and intent known to the object of his kindness: and the longer he paused still more difficult it seemed.

"He surely will not remain here much longer; I will observe his movements, and, perhaps, a more favourable opportunity may offer to address him." And, with this conclusion, Mr. Irving retired a few steps, and, gliding behind a column, where he was himself unseen, still continued to watch the old man.

The church was now nearly deserted; a few persons only were strolling listlessly up and down the long aisles, and here and there a solitary worshipper was seen upon his knees, or prostrate upon his face before the image of some saint.

Not many moments had Mr. Irving thus concealed himself when the graceful figure of a young girl, like a shadow, noiselessly flitted by him, and

glided to the spot where the old man stood, heedless of all that was passing around him. Stealing one arm around his neck, in low tones she seemed to speak words of tender affection.

The old man raised his head, a faint smile for an instant broke through the cloud of despair which was settled on his brow; he looked at the young girl sadly, but fondly, and then, without speaking, he motioned her to leave him, and sank again into the same desponding attitude from which her presence had momentarily aroused him.

"Come home, dear father. You have left me a long time. I have been so weary without you; come, father," said the young girl, in the soft, musical Venetian tongue.

"Home, Isola? We have no home," was the bitter reply.

"Lean on me, father. The twilight deepens, and the cool evening breeze on the Rialto will refresh you. Come, father."

The old man clasped his hands, and, raising them above his head, he groaned aloud; and then, suddenly dashing his cap upon the pavement, he stamped upon it passionately, exclaiming:

"Senseless tool of my shame, I could rend you in pieces, and strike off the servile hand which held you to receive the beggar's mite!"

"Father, dear father!" cried Isola, in terror, placing her hand gently on his arm.

"Call me no longer father, Isola, for I have disgraced you. Yes, Isola, I—I, a Foscarino, have this day stooped to a deed that shames the noble blood which courses through your veins! Leave me, Isola. Let the darkness hide my shame, let me not go forth as a beggar. Aye, Isola, a beggar—where as princes my father trod! Go."

"Alone, father, alone? You mean not so. It is late. The Piazza and the Rialto are already thronged with the gaiety of Venice. You would surely not have me go forth alone? Oh, no. Come, dear father, let us go together."

But the old man waved his hand and turned from her.

Then Isola fell on her knees before him, and, throwing back the light scarf or veil which had before concealed her features, looked up beseechingly into his face.

It was still light enough for Mr. Irving to note that the upturned countenance of the young Venetian was one of great beauty; and, indeed, the shadows which fell so softly around her served but to enhance her loveliness in his eyes.

More than ever interested by the scene, he scarcely dared to breathe, lest his presence might be betrayed.

Clasping the withered hand of the old man, she pressed it tenderly to her lips; and then, as she knelt there at his feet, once more besought him in her sweet, thrilling tones to leave the church and accompany her.

As the eyes of her father caught the imploring expression of her features his countenance relaxed its sternness; he placed his hand upon her beautiful head:

"Isola, my fair, my lovely child, image of your sainted mother, you have subdued me! No, I will not forsake you! May heaven forgive the rash act I meditated in my desperation! Come, my daughter, we will return to our desolate home. Perish pride, perish all vain memories of the past! Let all but paternal love and duty be forgotten; come, Isola!"

Isola drew the cloak of the old man more closely about his shoulders, lifted his cap from the pavement, and placed it gently upon his white head—every action, every movement revealing some new grace; and then, hand in hand, the old man and his child went forth together, followed at a little distance by Mr. Irving, who, forgetful of all engagements, sought only to learn the history of the two beings in whom he had become so much interested.

CHAPTER III.

IN a spacious apartment, whose arched windows overlooked the sunlit waters of the Grand Canal of Venice, and in immediate view of the Rialto, our party of English travellers were at breakfast. The walls and the lofty ceiling were beautifully frescoed, and supported by pillars richly gilt and carved; the furniture, although faded and worn, still bore evident marks of its former elegance, when those, now mouldering in the tomb, whose portraits hung tarnished and neglected against the walls, moved through those splendid rooms in life and beauty. The Hotel R— was once the proud palace of a Venetian noble.

"My dear Charles, you lost a very great pleasure. I assure you, in not hearing the *prima donna* last evening," said Mary Winthrop, addressing Mr. Irving; "never did I listen to tones more thrillingly sweet! And, pray, where were you? Robert came

home with some romantic story about an old beggar at San Marc; but, ah, brother, I doubt him; confess now, was it not some charming signora who, with her dark, fathomless eyes, thus whiled you away from us?"

"Ah, true, Charles," said Mr. Winthrop, "what became of you? And did you find the old man again who called forth such a burst of eloquence from you? You should have heard him, Mary!"

Mr. Irving bowed to this compliment, and answered:

"Yes, I found him standing where I had left him, and I have gathered enough from a conversation which I overheard between the old man and his daughter to convince me that my suspicions were correct; he was no common beggar!"

"His daughter—ah, ah! Charles, I said so!" interrupted Mary, laughing.

"Well, Mary, I will not deny that although greatly interested in the old man before his lovely child appeared upon the scene, I was still more so after I had seen her."

"Young and beautiful, of course?"

"Young, I am certain," answered Mr. Irving, "for a voice so musical and sweet could come from none but youthful lips; and, I think, also, most beautiful. Her form was grace itself; and, as seen in the dim light of the church, her countenance appeared to me one of exceeding loveliness."

"You quite interest me, Charles," said Mrs. Winthrop. "If you have finished your breakfast, we will go on to the balcony, and while I finish my sketch you can repeat to me your adventures."

"My adventures, I am sorry to say, are soon told, and have a very unsatisfactory ending, at least to me," replied Mr. Irving.

He then related what transpired between the old man and Isola at San Marc, with which the reader is already acquainted, and then continued:

"I do not remember, my dear sister, that my feelings were ever more wrought upon than by the distress of that venerable old man, and the tender affection of his child. I felt irresistibly impelled to follow them, forgetful both of my engagement and of the anxiety my long absence might cause you. I left the church as they did, and kept my way a few paces behind them."

"After leaving the Piazza San Marc, the old man and his daughter, keeping as remote as possible from the crowd, passed along the narrow *calli* and the numerous small bridges which traverse this strange city, and emerged at length upon the Rialto. Here their steps became slower, and the young girl unlaced the veil which she had hitherto held closely about her face, as if to inhale the cool evening wind; and I, also, fearful of being observed, slackened my pace, keeping within the shadow of the arches."

"It happened, unfortunately, that just before we reached the termination of the bridge a party of gay masquers issued from one of the *cafés*, and with loud songs and boisterous laughter came directly towards us, separating themselves in such a way as to fill up the whole passage."

"They had evidently drunk a little too much of their favourite wine. I saw Isola hastily conceal her features and cling more closely to the arm of her father, who, drawing himself proudly up, stood still to let the revellers pass. I involuntarily quickened my footsteps, and, unperceived, stood on the other side of the young girl."

"Ha, ha! *mia bella!* don't hide your bright eyes. Come, a *sechin* for a peep, my pretty signora!" exclaimed a cavalier, rudely attempting to draw aside her veil."

"In one moment a blow from the old man had prostrated him."

"Oh, Charles, you frighten me!" exclaimed Mary, catching his arm."

"A scene of wild tumult followed," proceeded Mr. Irving, "in which, of course, I bore my part, in defence of the old man and his helpless child. The noise attracted the notice of the police, and in a few moments we were surrounded by a body of the Austrian guard. As briefly as possible I explained the facts to the commander, who, learning I was an Englishman, courteously allowed me to pass; but on looking for those whom I wished should share the privilege with me, they had unaccountably disappeared. Imagine my chagrin and regret. With those winding streets or alleys leading from the Rialto I was wholly unacquainted, and, of course, could not pursue my search; indeed, I was obliged to procure a guide to conduct me back to the hotel."

"Thank heaven, my dear brother, your adventure ended thus safely! I shudder to think of the danger you incurred!" cried Mary.

"Yes, I think you have escaped narrowly," added her husband. "A broil with a party of hot-headed, inebriate Venetians is no such trifling matter. I advise you to be more wary in future, nor be led by any such foolish impulse to run after old men and

pretty girls again—at least, so long as we remain in Venice."

"Thank you, Winthrop, but, to tell you the truth, I am very much disposed to pursue the adventure," replied Mr. Irving.

"Nonsense, Charles! Why, there is not one chance in a thousand that you will ever meet the old patrician again."

"Well, I will take even that one chance, small as it is," answered Mr. Irving. "I will haunt San Marc's by day, and the Rialto by night, and something assures me I shall be successful."

"And something assures me that you are a very headstrong, foolish fellow!" said Mary. "I confess what you have told me has greatly moved my sympathies for the old man and his daughter, but not enough so, my dear brother, for me to consent that you should expose yourself a second time to so much danger. Come, I must lay my commands upon you. This morning, you remember, we proposed visiting the Ducal Palace, and this afternoon, I think, the Armenian Isle."

"I will accompany you to the palace, Mary, but this afternoon I must claim my liberty," said Mr. Irving.

"At what hour do we go?"

"At eleven."

"Very well, I will be with you."

As her brother left the balcony Mary said:

"My dear Robert, what can we do to end this romance Charles has engaged in? I am fearful something will befall him."

"You cannot stop him, Mary; he is too headstrong for that. Let him alone—he will soon tire of his fruitless search," was the reply.

CHAPTER IV.

WHILE this scene was taking place in the Hotel R— a very different one, and yet nearly connected with it, was enacting in another quarter of the city.

Stretched upon a low pallet in one corner of a small, stifling apartment was the old beggar of San Marc.

His eyes were closed; but, if sleeping, the contraction of his brow still denoted suffering. Kneeling by his side was Isola, tenderly bathing his temples, half-suppressed sobs heaving her gentle bosom, and the tears, in large liquid drops, resting upon her long brown eyelashes.

She was very pale, and her features, lovely as they were, seemed as if sharpened by famine. Her luxuriant golden tresses, gathered into a knot upon the top of her beautifully formed head, were as a crown of Virgin innocence to the fair girl, while her dress, although of the most humble material, was yet arranged with a natural ease and grace to which no studied form of fashion could have lent a charm.

Crouching at her side was a small tame gazelle, its graceful head resting upon its slender fore feet, and its large brown eyes, with an expression of almost human affection, fixed upon the pale countenance of its young mistress.

On a little table which stood near the bed were several wax figures, moulded in the most lifelike and perfect symmetry, also clusters of fruit and flowers of the same facile material, true in form and colour to the very perfection of nature.

In the window stood a little vase, in which one solitary flower was blooming. It looked sickly and pining, as it were for a purer atmosphere, although so carefully and tenderly cherished by Isola. Poor Isola! it had been watered by her tears, and her sighs had fanned its opening petals.

This window, the only one, looked down upon the dark, sluggish waters of a lagune, upon the opposite bank of which was a long row of dilapidated dwellings, from which old beds and tattered garments protruded through the pointed windows, and half-naked children were paddling in the slimy waters. In strange contrast to the poverty of the apartment I have described was the long flight of rich marble steps, supported by heavily carved pillars leading down to the lagune from the storey above, and paraded themselves, as it were, directly by the window.

For some time no sound broke the stillness of this little room.

The old man remained quiet, and at length, overcome with weariness, the head of Isola sank upon the couch, and sleep, like a gentle mother, enfolded her.

The splash of oars and the near rippling of the water suddenly aroused the gazelle, who had remained motionless, watching the slumbers of her mistress, and appearing to understand, as if imbued with human instinct, how grateful a few moments' repose would prove to her.

Beneath the window a gondola softly glided, and, mooring his light craft, the gondolier, springing

quickly up the steps, gently opened the door and entered the apartment. Slight as was the noise he awoke Isola.

"I thank thee!" she exclaimed. "Ah, Giuseppe, I feared you might not come to-day—my poor father!"

"What has happened, signora? What ails the signor?" cried the gondolier, hastily approaching the bed and gazing anxiously upon the old man.

"Alas, Giuseppe, I fear my father is very ill! Last night in crossing the Rialto we were met by a party of rude men, and, exasperated by an insult offered to me, my father struck one of them a blow—"

"*Diavolo!* insult you, signora? The ruffians—would they could taste my stiletto!" exclaimed Giuseppe, setting his teeth, and half drawing the weapon from his bosom.

"They attacked my father," continued Isola, "as regardless of his old age as they were reckless of the sacred feeling which dictated the blow, and heaven knows what would have become of us had it not been for a stranger who interfered in our behalf and with noble generosity defended us. Ah, Giuseppe, I shudder now to think what might have been my fate but for his timely assistance. It was fortunate, perhaps, that the arrival of the police put an end to the affray; but I could not even stop to pour out my thanks to this generous stranger, for my father drew me hastily away from the spot. It was with difficulty we reached our home, my father seemed so weak and exhausted; and then, Giuseppe, he sank into the same state in which you now see him. I fear he has received some severe internal injury. What shall I do—without money—without friends? Must I see my father die for want of care and proper nourishment?" exclaimed Isola, bursting into tears.

"Courage, signora; it may not be so bad as all that!" answered the gondolier, striving to conceal his emotion. "Thank heaven, Giuseppe has a few ducats still—here they are, signora; now tell me what I can do for you."

"Giuseppe, you have a wife and children," answered Isola. "I cannot take what is theirs; only if you could bring hither a physician, perhaps he could help my poor father. Oh, if he should die, Giuseppe—if he should die!"

"Don't weep, dear signora," said Giuseppe, wiping a tear from his own eye. "I will instantly go in search of one. I will bring a little wine, too, for the signor; it may revive him."

"Wine! Do you know, Giuseppe," cried Isola, catching his arm, "that for two days we have not tasted food, and that, driven to despair, my poor father yesterday, for my sake, begged alms in the public walks of Venice?"

"What do I hear? And I, wretch that I am, have both eaten and drunk while my noble lord was starving!" cried Giuseppe, beating his breast.

"This morning," continued Isola, "I stole out with these little wax figures which I sat up all night to finish, hoping to sell them that I might procure a little food for my dear father when he should awake, for in the fray last night even the little sum which charity had bestowed upon us was lost—but no one would buy. I could not beg, Giuseppe. Alas! my poor little gazelle, she must not starve. Take her. Perhaps someone will buy her who can take better care of her than her unfortunate mistress; but they cannot love these more, my poor Ninette," and Isola threw her arms around the neck of the little animal, which rested its head fondly against her cheek, and with its soft tongue licked the small hand of its mistress.

"Sell Ninette! now the saints forbid!" exclaimed Giuseppe. "No, signora. I will take the little creature home to the children and feed her well—bless your dear heart, I would sooner sell my own little Lino! No, no, I will keep her for you until the signor is better."

"Will he be better? tell me, tell me, Giuseppe, do you think he will live?" cried Isola, catching eagerly the hope which these few last words of the gondolier inspired.

"Signora, heaven is good—my honoured master may live, but—"

"Giuseppe, if my father dies, pray heaven to take his child also."

"Ah, who knows what a skilful physician may do for him? Courage, signora; I will fetch one in less than twenty minutes, and some food, too, for you, my dear young lady—sinner that I am, that have already broken my fast and drunk my sagon of stout Falernian!"

"And the gazelle, poor Ninette—will you take her with you, Giuseppe?" asked Isola.

"I will return for her, signora."

So saying, the honest gondolier hastened from the apartment, and the next moment the rapid splash of oars assured Isola that the assistance she so much desired for her father would soon be procured.

CHAPTER V.

In the meantime, our English party having visited the Ducal Palace, it was proposed by Mr. Winthrop, as there was yet time before dinner, to row across the Lido, whose shady groves and rich greenward, offered so tempting a contrast to the stately marble domes and pavements of Venice, and Mary, hoping by that means to keep Mr. Irving with them, gladly acceded to the proposition.

It was a lovely day for such an excursion, and our friends glided luxuriously across the Giudecca, reclining on the soft velvet cushions of a gondola, whose tasteful drapery swept the silver surface of the waves, and listening to the music of the gondoliers as they sang verses from their own Tasse, to which charming melody the light rippling of the water formed a pleasing accompaniment.

Beautiful as was the scene, it had but little charm for Mr. Irving. Away from those bright waters and the brighter Italian sky, his thoughts wandered to the gloomy aisles of San Marc, and the song of the gondoliers was lost in the memory of the sweet and touching tones of the beggar's daughter. Silent, therefore, he sat as the gondola kept its easy motion, more than ever regretting that he had not yet pursued his search, or that he had yielded up the morning to his sister.

They had nearly reached the middle of the canal when a gondola was seen swiftly approaching, and as it neared the one in which our party were seated the gondoliers poised their ears a moment, and exchanged a gay salute.

"Ah, Guiseppe, by the mass, thou hast an odd passenger there. Where are you going with so choice a freight?" cried one.

"Choice indeed, Mathoe," replied Guiseppe; "for this pretty little gazelle belongs to the loveliest signora in Venice."

"Well, *buen viaggio*!" cried the first speaker as he once more sank the oar.

But Mary, attracted by the beauty of the little animal, entreated the gondoliers to stay their movements, and motioned Guiseppe to approach nearer.

"What a perfect little creature—what tender eyes! Do you remember, Charles, the little fawn we had at home when we were children? Ah, I wish this pretty gazelle was mine!" she exclaimed.

"Perhaps we can buy it, Mary. Will you sell the gazelle, *amico*?" said Mr. Winthrop, addressing Guiseppe.

"Sell Ninette, signor? Ah, no, not for fifty zechins, though heaven knows the money is needed enough, for even now the poor old signor may be dying, and beloved signora is nearly starving."

"How—what tale of distress is this—of whom are you speaking?" inquired Mr. Irving.

"Of a noble Venetian gentleman, signor," replied the gondolier, respectfully. "You are foreigners, but I can tell you there are many such in Venice now begging their bread whose ancestors swayed the Republic!"

"*Vera, vera*—true, true, Guiseppe!" exclaimed another gondolier.

"Ah, my beautiful lady," continued Guiseppe, turning to Mary, "could you but see the *povera signora* you would pity her! She knows her old father cannot much longer survive his sorrows—for the physician has just told her so—and then she will be cast friendless and alone upon the world! Ah, she is an angel, signora. She could not see her little favourite starve, and so she bade me sell it."

"And yet you refuse to part with it," said Mr. Winthrop.

"Si, signor. I will keep her at home as a plaything for my little ones. Better days may come to my young lady; and would not Guiseppe feel like a knave to know that he could not lead back Ninette to her young mistress?"

Mr. Irving, who had listened with deep interest to the words of the gondolier, now suddenly exclaimed:

"Where is she? Conduct me to her. If too late to save the father something may be done to comfort the poor daughter!"

"Ah, *grazie, grazie*—thanks, signor; may heaven bless you for the deed!" cried Guiseppe.

"Let us all go!" said Mary, her eyes filling with tears; "poor girl, my heart aches for her! Oh, row quickly, my friends, let us not lose a moment."

With swift, glancing oars, the gondoliers now followed in the wake of Guiseppe, who, joyfully turning his gondola, left the Giudecca, and sped on towards the dark lagoon, among whose decayed palaces dwelt, in their misery the old man and his child.

As they reached the foot of the stairs loud sobs and shrieks met their ears.

"Holy Mother! the poor signora—what has happened?" cried Guiseppe, as with a bound he cleared the steps and pushed open the door, followed closely

by Mr. Irving, who, in his eagerness, had left his companions far behind.

It was all over. In the cold embrace of death the old man rested calmly.

His sorrows were ended, and the heavenly smile which lingered upon his noble features told of the joys which greeted his soul's advent to another and a brighter world.

Poor Isola! Alone, and broken-hearted, she had met the trying hour; alone she had received his last sigh; and then, no longer able to restrain the utterance of that grief, which for fear of disturbing her beloved parent she had so bravely controlled, with a shriek of despair she threw herself upon the lifeless body, and, winding her arms about it, gave way to her wretchedness.

It was at this moment that Guiseppe and Mr. Irving burst in. It needed but a glance to assure the latter his presentiments were right, and that in the dead and living before him he had found the beggar of San Marc and his lovely daughter!

CHAPTER VI.

Six months from the date of the last scene I have described a happy circle were seated in a balcony overlooking the water, heaving in the silvered brightness of a June moon; and up and down its graceful sweep, until lost within the dark shadows of the Highlands, white sails, like snowy clouds, flew before the gentle wind—the same gentle wind which, bearing upon its wings the sweet fragrance of countless blossoms, whispered to the heart of one of the party—the fair Isola—of the far-distant home of her childhood, under the bright skies of Italy.

Her speaking features betrayed the momentary sadness which these tender reminiscences caused her; and Mr. Irving, with the watchful eyes of love reading the clear page, softly whispered:

"Why so sad to-night, dearest Isola? The eve of our marriage must not find a shadow upon that beauteous brow; to me the very heavens seem to smile as I think that to-morrow, dear one, will make you mine!"

"Forgive me," she replied, raising her eyes tenderly to his; "there is something in this scene which moves my soul like notes of music we have listened to in other days—I was thinking of my father, Charles. Ah! from these realms of bliss above does he smile upon the happiness of his child! Oh, Charles, when I contrast the sad scenes which marked the last year of my poor father's life with these which now surround me, so replete with happiness, I seem to be the sport of some blissful dream!"

"And a dream, dear Isola, from which let it be my care that no rude storm shall arouse you!" replied Mr. Irving. "In the joys of the present let the bitter past be buried—joys which to me would never have been but for those sorrows which first awoke my sympathy and my love! Yes, Isola, I loved you from the first moment I saw you in your sadness, kneeling at the feet of your father upon the pavement of San Marc, and shall ever bless the hour when, led on by an interest which I then could not explain, I found you in that moment of your desolateness and we, when death had left you an orphan!"

"And I, too, Charles, must bless that persevering, yet generous spirit of yours, which has given me so dear a sister!" said Mary Winthrop, embracing Isola.

"I acknowledge, Irving, that I thought you a romantic, headstrong youth," said Mr. Winthrop, "but when I see before me the lovely prize which rewarded your zealous pursuit I also must be thankful that this very perseverance of yours rendered my ridicule and my advice alike powerless, and has given to our home and heart one whom it will ever be our pride and happiness to love and cherish."

C. H. B.

FACETIE.

WHAT is fashion? Dinner at midnight, and headache in the morning.

OBITUARY.—This is the inscription on the tomb of a Paris Bohemian: "He lived by hunger and died by it."

NOVEL OFFSPRING.—A contemporary says: A cow was struck by lightning and instantly killed belonging to the village physician who had a beautiful calf four days old.

A NOVEL COMPARISON.—"Have you seen Madame G—? Since she has embraced Mr. Baunting's religion she has diminished at least one half." "Then she must be charming," said Middle,—"with naïveté."

"Not at all. She looks like a cathedral that has lost all its saints and preserved all the niches from which they were taken."

A GOOD SNEEZE SPOILED.

Grandma: "It's too bad! A body can't enjoy a comfortable sneeze any more! Somebody's always calling to you just at the wrong moment! It wasn't so when I was young; I never called at an old person who was about to sneeze."

TRAVELLING BY THE GRAND TRUNK.—When we picture the hundred or more trunks that ladies travel with we cannot help reflecting how happy is the elephant whose wife when on a journey has only one trunk.

INFANTILE LOGIC.

Only Son: "Papa! I tell you what I would do! The weather is getting cold, so if you shave off your whiskers, and let it come on the top of your head, it will be so much warmer!"

PARADOXICAL.—"Look here, Jem, there is a hole knocked out of this bottle you gave me." "Why, here's the hole in it now. If it was knocked out, how could it be there?"

AT THE GREAT EXPOSITION—SCENE, RESTAURANT.

Waiter (to lady attendant): "Here is an American prince, who wants a man cotelette, and I can't make him understand that we do not keep them!"

Lady: "Take him something else, and say we are out of them; tell him we'll have some to-morrow."

PUT HIM ON HIS GUARD.—An old Scotch lady had an evening party, where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said when he was leaving, "Tak' gude care o' yourself when ye are awa; for, mind ye, they eat puppies in China!"

A CONSCIENTIOUS THIEF.—A gentleman of Chesterfield had missed his umbrella for some time, but a day or two ago found it in a conspicuous place on his premises with the following inscription pinned upon it:—"This umbrella as prize hun my kenshaes ever sin I stole him.—W.R."

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—"Wonderful things are done now-a-days," said Mr. Timmins; "the doctor has given Flack's boy a new lip from his cheek." "Ah," said the lady, "many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and no very painful operation either."

A PARISIAN PICKPOCKET.—They tell this story in Paris. Sheepkeeper R— went to the Paris Exhibition, and was very quickly relieved of his portemonnaie, containing two hundred francs, of his pocket-book, stuffed with bills, &c., and his watch and chain. His watch he particularly regretted, as it was a prize won at gymnastics, and bore an inscription to that effect. A couple of days later, M. R. received a note from the relieving officer, which ran thus:—"My dear Sir, I had the skill—it was not easy—to perform a master-stroke in robbing you of all you had in your pockets. I return you your pocket-book and your papers, which are of no use to me, and also your watch. I might have made something out of your watch, but I should have been grieved to deprive you of it after reading the inscription, &c. You see there are honest people everywhere. Your servant, A French Pickpocket." This letter, with the watch, was sent to M. R. by a commissionaire, who, when questioned, said that the person who handed them to him had a distinguished air, and that he got into a brougham driven by a servant in livery.

A FRENCH ELEPHANT.—The following anecdote amusingly illustrates the exquisite pleasure which the French papers take in telling stories that nobody ever believes: "The interior of an elephant's trunk is lined with an immense olfactory nerve, by which the animal is able to detect the faintest odours at a distance. He finds that the orange flower yields the most delicious of all perfumes, and travellers state that in Japan elephants may frequently be seen burying their trunks in the foliage of the orange trees to enjoy the fragrance. The other day the large elephant in the *Jardin des Plantes* suddenly ceased picking up the bread and cake offered to him by the visitors of the garden, drew in his trunk and continued to follow along the railing of his enclosure a lady who was carrying in her hand a bouquet of orange flowers. The lady's attention was called to his movement, and she at once held the bouquet within his reach. The animal seized the flowers, inhaled the perfume with great delight for several moments, and—here comes the least credible portion of the story—again put forth his trunk and restored the bouquet to the lady." One understands an elephant's passion for sweet smells, but hardly comprehends his manifestation of gallantry and good breeding.

A DISTINGUISHED foreign friend (whom you have not met for years) is coming to England to visit you. You are afraid he will kiss you. When you hear approaching cab-wheels, you run upstairs, throw off coat and collar, rather your face, and pretend to be shaving at the very moment of his arrival under your roof, and there you are!—*Punch*.

P. O. QUERIES.

"The postal duty for a simple letter to or from America has been fixed by the Reichstag Committee at one silvergrosch."

This is the news from Berlin. How do the Prussian post-office authorities ascertain whether a letter is simple or otherwise? By opening and reading it? And in the postage on a simple letter heavier than on a wise one, or the reverse? And does the rate of postage on letters in other countries, England for example, depend upon their simplicity?—*Punch*.

CUB-HUNTING.

Young Bantam: "Well, gov'nor, if this is yer 'unting, I'm off. Why, there ain't a cub in the cover!"

Whip: "Oh, ain't there? What a pity! Well, I knows a man as has seen one out!"—*Punch*.

AN EARLY TRA.—An enterprising grocer advertised for sale "tea brought by the ship *Tacopiar*" about a fortnight before that vessel arrived in the Thames. We suppose he was determined on Taeping time by the forelock.—*Fun*.

THE LIKELIEST FISH TO LAUGH.—The trout, it is so easily tickled.—*Fun Almanack*, 1868.

QUITE SUFFICIENT!

Robinson (who has run up to town for a day on urgent business): "Well, old boy, not gone out of town yet?"

Jones: "No, I've sent my wife away instead, for the benefit of my health. Quite sufficient change for me."—*Fun Almanack*, 1868.

THE MIDDLESEX REGISTRY.—A rumour, since contradicted, that Chief Justice Bovill had appointed his son, an officer in the 17th Lancers, Registrar of Middlesex, created a great deal of unnecessary stir. The young soldier would have been eminently fitted for the sinecure. As a Lancer he could do all that was wanted—bleed his country.—*Fun*.

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.

1st Questionable Character: "Kullie, I say, this 'ere 'arf-suvv' as you giv' me is cracked, and I can't pass it."

2nd Ditto: "Cracked, eh! Well, try the 'Sylum; they'll take it there."—*Fun*.

LE FOLLET OF CALIFORNIA.—The latest novelty in millinerdom in San Francisco is reported to be a paper bonnet. We trust the fashion will not reach Europe, as the bonnet-makers would no doubt insist on using bank-notes for the article.—*Fun Almanack*, 1868.

POPULAR HISTORY.

Guide: "That heffigy of thom two halabaster habbits in 'elmets here from a tomb in the habby of St. Melive's, founded by 'Enery the fust Teoder, for'n 'undred 'a heifty-seven. Their mortal remains was haxummed by order haf the Ryal Nautiquarian Sercloty sevenatin heifty-three; their bodies was found himbammed, and howwelped in jules." (Procession moves on).—*Fun Almanack*, 1868.

THE REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES.

1st Old Gent: "Sir, I object to smoking!"
2nd ditto: "So do I!"
Smart Youth: "Two to one—I'm the minority, so I shall smoke!"—*Fun Almanack*, 1868.

CONCERNING LOANES.—Tomkins says he never lends an umbrella—if it's a cettien one his friends are guilty of laxity of morals as regards *sum* and *time*—if it's a silk one they seem to think it's (yilk)-convenient to return it—and as for gingham umbrellas he declares no one ever gives a thought to bring-ging-'em home again.—*Fun Almanack*, 1868.

RYME WITH SOME REASON.—Henceforward we shall hear no more of the baker's dozen, which gives one in, but the baker's cozen, which takes one in.—*Tomahawk*.

We are happy to announce that the Poor-Law Board has ordered a supply of spectacles to be issued to the various inspectors of Workhouses. We presume they are to be rose-coloured.—*Tomahawk*.

A BAD LOOK-OUT FOR WINE-BIBBERS.—A prize for "imitation wines" has been awarded at the Paris Universal Exposition, as, in this matter at all events we think it may be called. One can't help wondering that a country where so much good real wine is made should stoop to give encouragement to the making of bad sham wine. Most men feel real sickness after

drinking sham champagne, and we fancy that the drinking of imitation wine will lead to genuine and by no means imitation headaches after it. As a sanitary precaution the bottles surely ought to be labelled "Imitation," just as other deadly compounds from the chemist are marked "Poison."—*Punch*.

THE LORD MAYOR'S LOTTERY.—The *Athenaeum* says, with reference to the City Feast at Guildhall, that the Chief Magistrate is presented with forty tickets, for which there are four hundred expectants. Of course all but forty of them are disappointed, and perhaps also offended. The Lord Mayor might, however, avoid giving any of them offence by a very easy expedient. He should have three hundred and sixty blank and forty prize-tickets put into and shaken up in the Cap of Maintenance, and invite the four hundred expectants to draw them.—*Punch*.

LITTLE SWALLOW.

The rust is over the red of the clever,
The green is under the gray,
And down the hollow the foot-winged swallow
Is flying away, and away!

Fled are the roses, dead are the roses,
The glow and the glory done,
And down the hollow the steel-winged swallow
Flying the way of the sun.

In place of summer a dread now-come
His solemn state renews;
A crimson splendour instead of the tender
Daisy, and darling dews.

But oh the sweetness, the full completeness,
That under his reign are born!
Russet and yellow in apples mellow,
And wheat and millet and corn.

His frosts so heavy touch with glory
Maple and oak and thorn;
And rising and falling his winds are calling,
Like a Lancer through his horn.

No thrifty sower, but just a mower
That comes when the day is done,
With warmth a-beaming and gold a-gleaming,
Like sunset after the sun.

And while fair weather and frost together
Colour the woods so gay
We must remember the chill December
Has turned his steps this way.

And say as we gather the house together,
And pile the logs on the hearth,
Help us to follow the light little swallow,
E'en to the ends of the earth! A. C.

GEMS.

FORTITUDE.—To preserve equanimity of temper, when loaded by the shafts of calumny and malice, requires such an extraordinary degree of fortitude and passive courage as few individuals possess.

If you happen to fall into company where the talk runs into party, obscenity, scandal, folly, or vice of any kind, you had better pass for morose or unsocial among people whose good opinion is not worth having, than check your own conscience by joining in conversation which you must disapprove of.

REMEMBERING AND FORGETTING.

It is a good thing to be able to remember, but it is no less desirable to be able to forget. Happiest among men is he whose will exercises the strongest control over his memory, for he can bury his cares in oblivion, and record the pleasant incidents of his life where "every day he turns the leaf to read them."

Some men can remember nothing. Theirs is a great misfortune, for experience is of no use to them. They walk in darkness, minus the lamp by which wiser feet are guided, and of course stumble as they go. There are others whose vile forte it is to remember pleasantly all that good men strive to dismiss from their recollection. Their minds are like filters, which permit that which is pure and excellent to run through them, but retain whatever is coarse and noxious. Their fund of immoral information is inexhaustible, but of facts which illustrate the best traits of human nature or the wisdom and benevolence of its Author, their memories are bare. There is a very large class that cannot remember benefits—another that never forgets wrongs. In short, the specialities of memory and of forgetfulness are manifold.

WE FADEN AS A LEAF.—As the trials of life thicken, and the dreams of other days fade, one by one, in the deep vista of disappointed hope, the heart grows weary of the struggle, and we begin to realize our insignificance. Those who have climbed to the pin-

nacle of fame, or revel in luxury and wealth, go to the grave at last with the poor mendicant who begs pennies by the wayside, and like him are soon forgotten. Generation after generation, says an eloquent modern writer, have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as a vapour, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. And likewise shall it be when we are gone. The heavens shall be as bright over our grave as they are now around our path; the world will have the same attraction for offspring yet unborn that she had once for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. Yet a little while and all this will have happened. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the very chamber in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried and will glisten with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lip our name.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HARVEST IN ALGERIA.—30,000 Arabs, it is stated, have perished from starvation in Algeria, owing to the deficient harvest this year.

LAND-SLIPS are continually taking place in the neighbourhood of Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, owing to the encroachments of the sea.

A REALLY excellent copy of Titian's great picture of "Peter Martyr," which was recently burnt at Venice, is in existence in the library of Queen's College, Belfast. It is the work of an Irish artist named Atkins, now dead.

THE FRENCH are transforming their old three-deckers into transports, with three lines of stabling for horses. Some of these vessels will carry 1,200 horses, and the navy undertake to convey 25,000 horses at a short notice.

THE GERMAN FEDERAL FLAG.—The new federal flag of Germany has been recognized by France, England, Sweden, Norway, Italy, Austria, and Spain. From the other seafaring powers the like is shortly expected.

THE HAIR TRADE.—The Paris coiffeurs, finding that the supply of hair for shignons and other menestries is becoming exhausted, have begun to import hair from a new field. They are now buying up the black tresses of the semi-Spanish inhabitants of South America.

YOUNG SWALLOWS IN OCTOBER.—On October 1st, a pair of house swallows with three young ones were observed in an empty house (from which the human tenants had been driven) in the vicinity of Clifden County, Galway. The young ones were barely able to leave the nest. All other house swallows had, weeks before, disappeared from their neighbourhood.

A NEPHEW OF BURNS.—John Begg, joiner, died at Bonnieston Square, Kilmarnock, recently, at the age of 71. His mother was Isabella Burns, youngest sister of the poet, who died at Ayr in 1850, at the age of 87. She was married in 1798 to John Begg, a corn-factor, and two of Begg's daughters, by Isabella Burns, still reside at Ayr. They were never married.

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.—The Norway rat has completely extirpated the native rat in New Zealand. The English house fly is also extirpating the native blue-bottle, and settlers carry the English house fly in small boxes to their settlements, to destroy the native fly. The English weeds crush out of existence the hardest indigenous plants in that colony. The white clover from England is extirpating the New Zealand flax plant, and the English annuals destroy New Zealand perennials. The pigs which Captain Cook landed in New Zealand have so multiplied that landlards offer rewards for killing them.

HIRUNDINES IN LONDON.—October brought the swallows back from their summer excursions, and they gave us the usual passing call, just as the English tourists spend a couple of days in Paris as they return homeward from the sunny South. The birds and tourists travel simultaneously, but in opposite directions. On Saturday, October 12, at six p.m., swallows were skimming up and down Gracechurch Street, passing through the archway into Leadenhall Market, and performing other aerial feats, to the astonishment of passers by and the great danger of the windows, as the temptation to throw at them appeared almost irresistible in the rising generation. On the following Monday morning the martins, with an occasional swallow, were plentiful about London Bridge, shooting the arches and skimming the parapets at nine in the morning. They were visible again on Tuesday and Wednesday, but not since.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. G.—The notorious criminal you mention was executed in the year 1857.

SALOPHAN—Your handwriting is very good and suitable for any clerkship.

LEDS DARE—If nothing has been paid since 1860 upon a bill or note of 1845, a defence may be made against a claim in such respect, under the Statute of Limitations.

THOMAS—Torture was abolished in Sweden in the 1786, by order of the king; and in the same year the guillotine was introduced into France.

AN ANXIOUS SISTER—Your brother-in-law is not justified in taking away the child. The mother is entitled to its charge until it reaches the age of seven.

J. B.—The expense of a life-boat, its equipment, transporting carriage, and boat-house averages £200. In addition to £50 a year needed to keep the station in a state of efficiency.

SIMON—Go to the registry and apply for the certificate of your marriage. A Christian name may be spelled in any way. Evelyn is a family surname, and Eveline a female Christian name.

J. F. W.—Your course would be to sue in *forma pauperis*. To do this, however, you must employ a solicitor, upon whom the amount of cost would depend. It should not, however, be more than £1.

A. G.—All double letters in Italian should be dwelt upon in the pronunciation. The vowels before the double consonants are not prolonged, but the double letters are both distinctly heard when enunciated by good speakers.

ANNA—To extract iron moulds, rub the spot with a little powdered oxalic acid, or salts of lemon, and warm water; let it remain for a few minutes, and then rinse in clean water.

CLOTHES—A good way to restore faded flowers is to put them into scalding water sufficiently high to cover a third part of the stems, let them remain until the water is cold, then cut off the soft part of the stems and place them in cold water.

FLORA—Most cosmetics are injurious. The best way to improve the complexion is to take plenty of outdoor exercise, pay attention to diet, and endeavor to keep a cheerful mind. 2. Handwriting requires practice, and more care in the formation of the letters.

ARTHUR GREY—1. The frequent use of oil or good pomatum will in time produce the desired effect without being injurious. 2. Handwriting has a slovenly appearance, which greater care and persistence would remedy; by these means it might be rendered good.

L. SHARPS—To preserve geraniums through the winter, without a greenhouse, keep them in a room the temperature of which is as uniform, during both day and night, as it is possible to maintain it, and give them, when necessary, just sufficient water to keep the mould in which they are planted in a moist state.

JAMES ELWOOD—1. A thimbleful of powdered refined borax, dissolved in a teaspoonful of water, applied to the head by means of a brush will have the effect you wish. Do this every day for a week, and twice a week after for a short time. 2. Handwriting very good fewer flourishes, however, would be an improvement.

LEES LOPE—We can give you no better nor safer advice than to place yourself under the treatment of a respectable medical practitioner. If you cannot afford to do this go to an hospital. If, as you assert, you have been treated by many medical men, how can you expect that we can advise you?

IGNORAMUS—1. No true sportsman would shoot the birds you mention. They serve an important purpose in the economy of nature by destroying grubs, insects, and other pests of the farmers. 2. You can obtain a certificate at Somerset House. 3. Your master, if, as you say, he gave his consent, will tell you that you cannot get a certificate for three months only.

STEWART—1. If you have good and sufficient reasons to question the management of your society, and believe that its funds are misappropriated, your better course would be to consult a respectable solicitor. 2. The Registrar is Mr. Tidd Pratt. A letter addressed to that gentleman, giving him his official designation, would reach him through the post-office if you add simply London.

LEAS—Nothing can exceed certain passages in Holy Writ for simplicity, sublimity, and elegance of expression; for touching simplicity there is nothing in literature which can surpass the Biblical account of the interview, recognition, and reconciliation of Joseph and his brethren, also the speech of Judah to Joseph to persuade the latter to allow Benjamin to return to his father, after Joseph's silver cup had been found in Benjamin's sack. And also the

commencement of the 32nd chapter of Deuteronomy—"Give ear, oh, ye heavens, and I will speak; and hear, oh, earth, the words of my mouth. My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." What could more ably combine simplicity with grandeur and sublimity? The Bible is, indeed, in every respect, what its name imports it to be, *The Book of Books*.

N. S. C.—Myrrh is a fragrant, bitter, aromatic gum-resin, procured from a tree called the *Balanocedron myrrha*, which grows in Africa and Asia; it flows from incisions made in the tree. The gum, when hardened by exposure to the air, is of a reddish brown colour; it is valuable for the teeth and gums, and the quantity of myrrh imported annually into Great Britain is nearly 400 cwt.

ECHE.—The sorrowful tree is found near Bombay. It is so called from its blooming only at night; while the sun shines not an expanded flower is visible, but in half an hour after the sun is below the horizon the tree will be covered. They possess little beauty, though the odour is agreeable. At sunrise the petals close up, or drop to the ground. This tree is supposed to be a species of the night-blooming Cereus.

JAMES.—He is not the poor man who has but little, but he who wishes to have more, nor is he the rich man who has much, but he who is content with what he has; and the best way to be happy is to "look on the sunny side of all things," the skipping lambs, the merry birds, and the leaping fish tell us that happiness is not confined to one spot. God in His goodness has spread it abroad on the earth, in the air, and in the waters.

SIOMA.—The literal meaning of *rub-rosa* is "under the rose," but in speaking of anything done or said *rub-rosa* it implies that the thing is done or said secretly, confidentially, or unknown to others. The origin of the expression is said to be this: Among the ancients the rose was regarded as the emblem of silence, and a custom prevailed among them of suspending a rose from the ceiling over the upper end of the table, as an intimation that whatever transpired there was of a confidential nature.

FAINT.—The German mode of preserving grasses and flowers is to take large shallow pans or boxes, putting into them a layer of the finest and driest sand, placing the grasses or flowers into it, then sifting in more sand until all are completely covered; they are then kept for some days exposed to a slight heat, at the end of this process they are allowed to cool gradually, and the flowers or grasses when taken out will be found to retain their natural form, as well as their colour.

THE BEAUTIFUL—A SONNET.

All things of beauty are not their alone
Who hold the fee, but unto him no less
Who can enjoy the unto them who own
Are sweetest uses given to possess.
For heaven is bountiful, and suffers none
To make monopoly of aught that's fair;
The breath of violets is not for one,
Nor loveliness of women: all may share
Who can discern; and He who gave the law,
"Thou shalt not covet!" gave the subtle power
By which, unsung, I may freely draw
Beauty and fragrance from each perfect flower
That still in maiden pride adorns the lee,
Or in my neighbour's garden blooms for me.

J. G. S.

A LONELY ONE, eighteen, and good looking. Respondent must be pretty and amiable.

ELIZA, thirty-two. Respondent must be between forty and fifty, steady, and able to appreciate a good wife.

A MERCHANT, thirty-two (widower), 5 ft 4 in., dark hair and whiskers, has a little money. Respondent must be good looking, have some money, or be in business.

BEATRICE, twenty-one, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, thoroughly domesticated. Respondent must be a tradesman, a carpenter preferred.

AN ENGLISHMAN, thirty-one, 5 ft 8 in., with moustache and whiskers; income about £200, with some put by for a rainy day. Respondent must be about twenty-five, amiable and good looking.

BEATRICE AND LILY—"Beatrice," nineteen, medium height, dark hair and gray eyes. "Lily," eighteen, fair hair, blue eyes, and medium height. Respondent must be a little older, and be tall and dark.

ANNIE C. and SARAH ANN W.—"Annie C." twenty-one, medium height, dark hair and eyes, thoroughly domesticated, but no money. Respondent must be fond of home, and a tradesman. "Sarah Ann W." twenty-two, tall, fair and good looking, thoroughly domesticated, but has no money. Respondent must be a tradesman.

A TEACHER.—Never administer reproof, if possible, while the feelings of either party are excited; if a parent or teacher be not calm, influence will be diminished, and a bad example set. If the child be excited or provoked, he will not feel the force of argument or rebuke. On the other hand, do not defer too long, seize the first favourable opportunity, while the circumstances are fresh in the memory; reprove each fault as it occurs, and do not suffer them to accumulate, lest the offender be discouraged by the amount.

HUBERT—Rifle shooting is a favourite pastime in all parts of Austria, but nowhere to the same extent as in the Tyrol; bred to the use of the weapon from their boyhood, and priding themselves in the skillful use of it, and in their accuracy of aim, they furnish an admirable corps of sharpshooters. The Tyrolean rifle is a heavy, clumsy weapon, but is nevertheless prized above the lighter and more elegant arms made in France or England by its owner, he having probably inherited it from his ancestors. The trigger is so delicate as almost to go off by a single gust of wind; there is scarcely a village in Austria without its shooting-ground, where the peasants meet to practise, at stated times of the year; matches are got up, and the marksmen of one village, parish, or valley meet to contend for a prize with one another.

NEVILLE—Sir Henry Havelock, the celebrated English general, received his education at the Charterhouse School, and in 1813 entered himself at the Middle Temple as a student of law; this, however, proved an unattractive pursuit, and he longed to emulate the military exploits of his brother William, who had distinguished himself in the

Peninsular, as well as the Battle of Waterloo. Through this officer's influence he obtained, in 1815, a commission as second lieutenant of the Rifle Brigade, then the 94th. In 1823 he entered upon active service, embarked for India, with the 13th Light Infantry, into which regiment he had exchanged; before leaving England he fitted himself for Indian Service by studying Persian and Hindostanee. He was born at Bishopwearmouth, near Sunderland, in 1795 and died at Lucknow in 1857.

W. CASSEY.—Candidates for clerkships in the Customs must be between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. Examination: Handwriting and orthography, arithmetic (including vulgar and decimal fractions, English composition, geography, and English history. The salaries of clerks for general duties are, first class, £400 to £500; second class, £300 to £400; third class, £200 to £300. Hours, 10 till 4. Holidays, thirty-two days, Christmas Day, Good Friday, and the Queen's birthday.

PATTY.—The following is a cheap mode of framing small pictures: First procure a glass of the requisite size, then a piece of white bristol board, to which glue or paste the picture; next paste a sheet of strong paper, about an inch larger than the glass, on the back of the board, folding the edges neatly over on the glass, thereby holding picture and glass together, then get some black glass paper and bind the edge, and trim with a strip of gilded paper inside the black edge; this makes a very pretty and cheap frame for portraits, &c. To hang them, attach rings to the back of the frame.

T. SIMPSON.—Nectar was a term applied in Grecian mythology to the supposed drink of the gods, and it was believed that this nectar contributed much to their eternal existence; according to the fables of the classic poets it was a most delicious liquor, with properties far exceeding anything that mortals could imagine, as it imparted beauty, bloom, and vigour to all who imbibed it; combined with the Ambrosia, (which formed the substantial food of the gods), it repaired all accidental injuries or decays which might assail them.

VIOLA.—Absence and time extinguish weak affection, but they confirm and strengthen a really noble and pure love; how many a true heart beats with emotion for some loved one far away, how many follow with prayers and tender hopes some lover ploughing the ocean, or appointed to distant stations; and when the joyful day comes that reunites them the memory of all the suspense and anxiety they have mutually endured enhances their delight and gives a firm basis and mutual trust to their union.

MANFRED.—A good way to mount maps is to stretch some thin canvas or calico upon a deal frame, damp the back of the map with a sponge or brush moistened with clean water, then spread some thin paste to which a little alum has been added, when making, evenly over the paper before it has had time to dry, and apply it to the canvas, pressing it lightly but firmly with a clean cloth, to cause it to adhere perfectly in every part; when it is quite dry cut away the map from the canvas that surrounds it, with a sharp penknife, taking care to have an equal margin all round.

H. GARNARD.—The four great national festivals of Greece were, the "Olympic," dedicated to Jupiter, after the defeat of the Titans; the "Pythian," to Apollo; the "Nemean," to Archemorus originally, but to Hercules after the Nemean lion; and the "Isthmian," dedicated to Neptune. The Olympic games were so called from Olympia, or Pisa, a town of Elis in Peloponnesus, near which place they were celebrated after the expiration of every four years. The interval between the celebration of these games was hence called an Olympiad.

W. GIERSON.—Since the first introduction of horse-racing, which was inaugurated at Chester in the reign of Henry VIII, the royal family of England has always supported the turf; the example thus set has been amply followed by a host of those whose positions have enabled them to do so, and to this fact is mainly due the great success which attends our chief race meetings at the present time, and has honoured as the turf is by the support of the highest in the land (many of whom give up their whole time and attention to it), it is not likely to retrograde, but each year a step towards the march of improvement is to be looked forward to.

L. L.—There are three regiments, namely, the First Life Guards, the Second Life Guards, and the Blues, or Royal Horse Guards. The colonels are respectively the Earl of Lucas, Marquis of Tweeddale, and Viscount Gough. Being of the requisite stature, you might be accepted by application to the head quarters of either of the regiments, Hyde Park, Windsor, or Regent's Park. 2. You would have but a very poor chance of becoming a commissioned officer; but at the same time, by length of service, and good conduct, you might obtain the very respectable rank of a non-commissioned officer.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

ELLA by—"J. B. J.," tall, rather dark, and has good prospects.

MINNIE P. by—"C. C.," eighteen, 5 ft 7 in., dark hair, temperate habits, good tempered, and affectionate.

R. S. (a respectable mechanic) by—"A. J. H.," dark, pretty, lively, and good tempered, with a small sum in the bank. (Handwriting would be greatly improved by careful practice; it is too small, thereby rendering it indistinct.)

C. J. D. by—"Mabel," eighteen, fair, tall, slight, good disposition.

HARRY E. L. by—"Fanny," eighteen, 4 ft 10 in., fair complexion, good temper.

E. J. A. by—"Emily," 5 ft 3 in., fair, blue eyes, cheerful, and thinks she would suit him.

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